

# The Freeman

VOL. III. No. 74.

NEW YORK, 10 AUGUST, 1921

15 CENTS

## CURRENT COMMENT, 505

### TOPICS OF THE DAY

- The Case of Mr. Debs, 508
- On Keeping Agriculture in Mind, 508
- The Uses of Advertisement, 509
- Our Lost Intransigents, 510

To Chekhov's Memory: I, II, by Alexander Kuprin, 511

Mahatma Gandhi's Boycott, by Basanta Koomar Roy, 513

The Comedy of Climate, by Silex, 515

Letters from a Distance: XII, by Gilbert Cannan, 516

## MISCELLANY, 518

## MUSIC

Impressions of Italian Music: II, by Daniel Gregory Mason, 519

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

The Agrarian Revolution in Europe, by Edward Townsend Booth, 521; Qui S'Excuse, S'Accuse, by R. C., 521; "Beauty and the Picturesque," by Charles Downing Lay, 522

## BOOKS

A Poet of a New Democracy, by Pierre de Lanux, 522  
The Philosopher of Sea-Power, by Charles A. Beard, 523  
Mr. Nevinson's Irony, by Lawrence Mason, 524  
The Earth Is the Landlords', by Hyman Levine, 525  
Shorter Notices, 526  
A Reviewer's Note-book, 526

## CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Governor of Illinois is under indictment for making too free with State funds, Senator Lusk, of the New York State legislature, is in trouble over a present to his wife that is being construed as bribery, a certain district-attorney up New England way has gotten himself mixed up in a very unsavoury blackmailing mess, and it is *vox populi* that prohibition-enforcement officers are waxing rich as Cræsus through collusion with the bootlegging-trade. These stories are being used to point various morals, and usually redound to the discredit of the persons concerned. It is all very well to pretend that public officials ought to have a high standard of personal morals, but actually to expect it of them seems rather naïve. Public officials are in continuous and intimate contact with organized large-scale theft, and it would be almost miraculous if the distinction between the legalized and non-legalized modes of theft remained invariably clear to them. These men have seen the immense hauls made by the beneficiaries of political government—they have seen the Shipping Board, the railways, the dollar-a-year men—and who can blame them if they too have closed with such little opportunities as opened before them? Perhaps the eye of their prudence has become darkened, but that was their misfortune and it should not be held against them.

THERE is little logic or consistency in being severe with petty offenders when great offenders go free. Senator Lusk is a wretched little pettifogging creature, a mere instrument; doubtless the Governor of Illinois, the district-attorney and the internal-revenue officers are not essentially unlike him, inasmuch as that sort of person naturally gravitates to that sort of job. We can not, even with the weather to aid us, get into a hot fit of moral indignation against these poor brethren, and it would give us no satisfaction to see them go to jail. We are not much for having anybody go to jail, for that matter; but as long as some one must go, we are in favour of jailing people against whom some cause worth considering can be shown. When those who rob their fellow-citizens by due process of law are put in jail, we may be able to summon a less languid interest in the fate of those who rob them by extra-legal means. The tariff-beneficiaries, international bankers, natural-resource monopolists, transportation-officials—when these receive due attention, we

may see our way to greater interest in jailing Senator Lusk.

READING once more what M. Gabriel Hanotaux had to say about the meeting of the "three American ambassadors," Herrick, Sharp and Robert Bacon, in Paris, on the eve of the battle of the Marne, we incline to the notion that the jailing operation might best begin with the firm of J. P. Morgan and Company. Here it is: "*La rencontre des 'trois ambassadeurs' américains à Paris, en ces circonstances émouvantes, avait, à elle seule, une haute signification. L'un d'entre eux, qui était en même temps l'ami intime de Roosevelt, avait, avec celui qui écrit ces lignes, un entretien qui mérite d'être rappelé: 'En Amérique,' disait-il, 'il y a 50,000 personnes qui comprennent la nécessité, pour les Etats-Unis, d'entrer immédiatement dans la guerre à vos côtés. Mais il y a 100 millions d'Américains qui n'y ont même pas pensé. Notre devoir est que les chiffres se retournent et que 50,000 deviennent 100 millions, Nous y parviendrons.'*" Yes, when we see the entire firm of J. P. Morgan and Company safely in jail, we are quite sure we shall then be ready to hear more about the delinquencies of the revenue-officers, the Governor of Illinois and Senator Lusk.

EITHER the Editor of the London *Times*, Mr. Wickham Steed, or a reporter of the New York *Times* will have to stand responsible for one of the liveliest tempests that has stirred up the international tea cup in a good long time. No one seems to know just how Mr. Steed's account of the conversation between the King and the Prime Minister concerning Ireland came to be attributed to Lord Northcliffe; but what some of the British papers did to his Lordship when they got the twisted report was good and plenty. Mr. Lloyd George likewise got in a vindictive dig at his Lordship in the House of Commons, and King George himself intervened in the matter so far as to issue a denial of the remarks attributed to him. Lord Northcliffe and the New York *Times* have between them managed to set the matter straight with the British public; Mr. Steed has half denied and half acknowledged the interview attributed to him; and the brunt of the matter will probably be allowed for diplomacy's sake to rest upon the shoulders of an anonymous reporter, where it will no doubt sit lightly enough. Meanwhile, the incident has given England's most notorious publicist an excellent opportunity to gauge his popularity with the press and politicians of his own country.

WE fail to see why this interview with Mr. Steed should have aroused so much excitement. Do Lord Northcliffe's compatriots resent the implication that the King is a humane man; or do they resent the implication that he could be unconstitutional enough to think about public affairs independently of his Prime Minister? Certainly the anger of the English editors at that part of the interview which charged that Cabinet Ministers had attempted to "spike the King's efforts for peace" seems to be due to the implication that his Majesty would venture to make a speech not written for him by his Ministers, and not to any untruth in the report that within three hours after the King's bid for peace, at the opening of the Belfast "parliament," certain Cabinet Ministers had made speeches "which were intended to irritate the Irish people." Your Englishman is an inveterate constitutionalist where the monarchy is concerned. Whatever may have been the



cause for resentment, it seems to have been confined to English bosoms. So far we have heard of no Irishman's having resented the King's reported eagerness to save his countrymen from slaughter.

INDEED it is difficult to see how such a humane desire, had his majesty really expressed it, could have impeded the settlement of peace with Ireland. We should expect it to work quite the other way, to have a conciliatory effect upon the Irish people. It would, however, be decidedly bad for Mr. Lloyd George's Government if his present efforts for peace in Ireland were allowed to appear as made under duress applied by the King. Not indeed, that they were not made under duress, but hardly of this ineffectual kind. We should be inclined to believe that the pressure came from the Irish situation itself, and the effect of that situation in England. Mr. Lloyd George is above all things a politician; he keeps his ear to the ground; and his Government's policy of frightfulness in Ireland has caused frequent rumblings of discontent in England during the past year among a population that is in its own terminology fed up with slaughter. It really looks as if Mr. Lloyd George himself had "played the King" and had done so with pretty good effect, and for our part, we should not be inclined to put much credence in all the pretty stories which have lately gained currency in one way or another about his Majesty's tactful interference in British affairs, domestic and foreign.

THAT was a neat little slap on the wrist that the German Government administered to French officialdom when it reminded them that under the Versailles treaty the request for safe passage of more troops into Silesia must come from all the Allies. For a day or two it looked as if the German attitude might lead to an open falling-out between the French and British Governments, for French politicians could not believe that German politicians would be so uppish unless they were backed by British politicians. There was a sharp exchange of notes, we were told; but blood being thicker than water, the two Celts, M. Briand and Mr. Lloyd George, could not be expected to remain long at outs; and now the British Premier has announced that France and Great Britain are "on the right road to an understanding" in regard to the Silesian question. He intimates that a happy compromise has been reached whereby the British Government has agreed to join in the request for the passage of French troops at a date to be fixed by the Supreme Council; and M. Briand, on his part, has consented that the Supreme Council shall meet 8 August to discuss a settlement of the Silesian dispute.

M. BRIAND, it is said, can not understand why any suspicion should rest upon the purity of his Government's motive in wishing to send a new division of French troops into Silesia. If this report be true, it does more credit to the diplomacy than to the intelligence of the French Premier, because France has never, since there was a Silesian question, given evidence of any other than a crooked motive in her attitude towards it. None the less, M. Briand declares that France is merely eager to safeguard life and property in Silesia and to back up the decisions of the Supreme Council; assuming, we should suppose, that it ever gets around to make any decisions. France has the troops available, says M. Briand, while the other Allies have not; and everybody should be grateful to the French Government for being willing to undertake the enforcement of the Council's decisions. This sounds plausible; one wonders, however, to what extent France will be willing to enforce those decisions in case they should favour the German claim; one wonders, too, whether the official French zeal for order and humanity would be equally great if Silesia were as devoid of natural wealth, as, say, Armenia.

WAR, says Mr. Lloyd George, "holding his pocket-handkerchief before his streaming eyes," is just too terribly

awful to contemplate. Therefore "if Great Britain seems to be always restraining, always counselling patience, always urging moderation in the affairs of Europe, it is because this terrible war has taught us the value of peace." Perhaps. Our own explanation of this present phase of British policy, if we were asked for it, would differ somewhat from Mr. Lloyd George's. We should say that "if Great Britain is always restraining" and so on, it is simply because she can afford to do so. Having quietly salted away a large amount of swag in the shape of erstwhile German possessions, British exploiters are quite ready to settle down to the enjoyment of their gains, leaving their tools, the politicians, perchance to a bit of morning-after house cleaning, "in the sunshine of the great victory." Meanwhile the British Government will go right ahead spending several hundred million dollars yearly of American money in preparation for that next war which the soft-hearted Premier can not bear even to think upon.

By a vote of nine to five the Senate Finance Committee has approved the bill giving the Secretary of the Treasury unlimited authority to make terms for funding the Allied indebtedness to this country. That is, the Committee voted, in effect, to force American taxpayers to continue financing European imperialist expenditures. It is said that a merry fight may be expected when the measure comes up in the Senate. Indeed, Senator Borah has already fired the first shot, and he appears to be pretty well stocked with ammunition in the shape of figures on the military budgets of our erstwhile associates. No doubt the measure will go through; but a few explosions on the floor of the Senate will serve the useful purpose of spreading information concerning the meaning of this particular action. It will be of considerable value to the general body of taxpayers to know that their Government is willing that they should pay, not only for a whaling big military establishment of our own, but also for foreign armaments which may some day be turned against this country. Thus they may come to realize the exact extent to which ours is a Government of this people, for this people, by this people.

It is interesting to observe that in Holland a somewhat new kind of conscientious objector has lately appeared on the scene; namely, one who objects to paying the taxes which go to maintain the army and navy. In Holland, it appears, the cost of "preparedness" amounts to fifty-one per cent of the whole body of taxation, and so far 600 persons have been sent to prison on account of their refusal to pay this proportion of their taxes. There are now, we learn, forty-one of these objectors still in prison and Mr. De Ligt, the President of the International Anti-Militarist Bureau, has recently been arrested to prevent his propaganda in favour of this very effective manifestation of the pacifist temper. To refuse to pay his or her share of the cost of armament-racing, poison-gas experiments and war preparedness generally seems to this paper to be a perfectly logical position for a pacifist to take up, and we should not be surprised to see the idea spring up in other countries besides Holland, and to flourish exceedingly, to the great enlightenment of all legislators.

It is a little difficult so far to make heads or tails of the controversy that is now raging between the Shipping Board and the United States Mail Steamship Company over the possession of several of the Shipping Board's vessels. On the face of it, however, the action of the Board in seizing the ships appears to have been somewhat precipitate, especially since the contract between the Board and the Company calls for the arbitration of all disagreements. Appearances were not improved by the haste with which the Board announced its intention to hand over the ships to the Company's principal rival, the United American line. Indeed, this statement, coming simultaneously with the seizure of the ships, gives the affair something of the aspect of a conspiracy between



the Shipping Board and the United American Steamship Company. Perhaps there was no such collusion, but in view of the Board's past reputation it would have been wise for its officials to avoid any such appearance. For our own part, although we are unacquainted with the inside history of the present controversy, we are quite ready, in view of the Shipping Board's record of graft and chicanery, to believe that it is guilty until it is proved innocent.

SENATOR LA FOLLETTE seems to be somewhat of the same persuasion. He is urging an investigation of the Shipping Board, to determine whether its policies have been influenced by British interests, and whether it is hostile to organized labour. The Senator declares that the new Board has shown as yet no disposition to "change any of the vicious practices of the old Board," that not one of its seven members has ever had any experience in the management and operation of ships, and that the Board's past policy of hostility to organized labour has driven American seamen away from American ships. No doubt the Senator is putting it mildly; it would be difficult to exaggerate an indictment of the Board on any account. If a company of determined investigators, with clothespins on their noses or, better, wearing gas-masks, were set probing into the Board's affairs they would, we are convinced, uncover such plentiful corruption as would make any other grafting enterprise in our national history look like the work of amateurs; which is saying a good deal. We can not help thinking that it was the presentiment of some such odoriferous discoveries which drove the previous investigators of the Board to cover.

EVER since this paper first acquired the power of speech, it has regarded the cause of Soviet Russia with friendly sympathy. By consequence, we have been more concerned with proving that the Russians have the right to do what they please, than with appraising what they were actually doing, or would do if they had the chance. Nevertheless, this last subject is an interesting theme for speculation, and particularly so now, when repeated failures in the practice of intervention have brought the theory somewhat into disrepute. Indeed it is pleasant to see that most of the anti-Bolsheviks who put their faith in chariots and horses, as long as these were to be had, are now looking forward to the peaceful disintegration of the Communist dictatorship, and searching every speech of Lenin's for a confession of the failure of the revolution. For example, most of the ex-interventionists have accepted with joy Senator France's statement that Russia is reverting inevitably to "capitalism." Whatever the Senator may have meant by his use of this term, it signifies for most people a return to the system of exploitation now in vogue in the United States. If this is what the friends of Russia are counting on, we feel bound to say that we believe they are doomed to disappointment.

UNLESS we are mightily mistaken, the complete eclipse of every notion of Marxian socialism would leave Russia still in possession of a great constructive principle which is capable of so modifying "capitalism" that most of its defenders would pass it by unrecognized. The workmen and the peasants who had already begun in pre-Bolshevik days to seize the factories and the landed estates were not interested simply in the dispossession of the old owners, nor were they well versed, on the other hand, in the principles of Marxism. They were organized locally, on an economic basis, not for destruction only, but for production. The factory-councils and the village-communes were the primary units of the economic revolution, and each of these units, as well as each of the local organizations of the co-operative societies, embodies within itself a principle of voluntary co-operation which does not draw its sanction from the practice of the dictatorship or the principles of Marx. It has been the function of the dictatorship to organize these units for defence against civil and foreign attack, and in the performance of this

function the Communists have preserved most of what was good in the revolution, and will continue to preserve it, we hope, until peace sets the movement free to resume its natural course.

WE wish well to President Harding and the Public Health Service for their interest in behalf of the hundred thousand poor creatures in our South-west who are afflicted with pellagra. It seems to us that in addition to relief of the victims, the matter calls for thorough investigation. We have only a layman's information about pellagra, but to the best of our knowledge it is superinduced by semi-starvation; and at all events, the press-dispatches say freely that the sufferers, the immense majority of whom are tenant-farmers engaged in raising cotton, are half-starved. It is surely an astonishing state of things that in this not over-populated country a hundred thousand persons, labouring upon the soil, should be so far reduced by hunger as to fall victims to a plague. Why is it? We suggest that the general conditions of tenant-farming in the South-west be written up and exhibited to the public by some responsible journal that has facilities for doing that sort of thing in a competent way. Odds and ends of information have leaked out from time which tend to show that the whole story would be quite striking. We have often noticed, or perhaps imagined, that tenant-farming is a subject that tends to get itself avoided, somewhat like a wet dog, or touched very gingerly and superficially when touched at all; and yet it is as interesting a subject as one could imagine, and as important to America as Pliny's testimony shows it was to the Roman people—*latifundia perdiderunt Romam!*

A DISPATCH from Washington, 3 July, shows how important this matter of tenant-farming is. The Department of Commerce has just reported that in the decade 1910-1920, although the actual number of farms in the United States increased by 7,284, the number of farms operated by their owners decreased by 23,632. The increase in the number of tenant-farmers has been uninterrupted since 1880, until now 38.1 per cent on all the farms in the country are operated on a basis of tenancy. Cash tenants have decreased by 127,280 during the decade; share-tenants have increased by 347,812. Very well; now let us have an honest and thorough investigation of this phenomenon that will show all the reasons for it and show also all the effects that it has, and is likely hereafter to have, upon the basic industry of agriculture.

WHAT happens to a conquered enemy's territory when it is taken over by the conqueror is being revealed just now in what was once known as German East Africa. Since the close of the war over two million acres of land have been stolen—alienated, the wise call it—from the native tribes and given to white soldiers, settlers, and others. There is, however, a great shortage of cheap labour and consequently the unwilling Kavirondo, Kikuyu and other tribesmen are being forced to work for the benefit of the new owners of what was once their own land. A further complication appears in the demands of the Indian soldiers who helped to capture this portion of East Africa from the Germans. These too are seeking their reward. But the Governor, Sir Edward Northey, has turned a deaf ear to their appeal, with the result that Mr. Jeevanjee, the leader of the large Indian community, is threatening to "fight to the death" for the rights of his compatriots.

*The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.*

*It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either as to substance or style. They are printed because, in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.*

*Editors*—Van Wyck Brooks, Walter G. Fuller, Clara La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Geroid Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by THE FREEMAN, Inc., B. W. Hubsch, President, 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. Copyright, 1921, by THE FREEMAN, Inc., 10 August, 1921. Vol. III. No. 74. Entered as second-class matter March 12, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.



## TOPICS OF THE DAY.

### THE CASE OF MR. DEBS.

HAS not the national scandal of keeping Eugene Debs in prison gone about far enough? It has never been the way of this paper to make much fuss over matters of this kind, because we see them so clearly as mere symptoms. As long as a people tolerates the present economic system, the system of monopoly and privilege, it seems stupid to complain of the inevitable consequences of that system. For this reason we have not worried ourselves or our readers with overmuch eloquence about amnesties or the fate of conscientious objectors or the hardships visited upon political prisoners. It is not that we have no feeling in the matter, for we have; but what good does it do? These things are as much to be expected, they are as essentially incidental to public life under this system as typhoid fever under the condition of a contaminated water-supply. Yet the case of Mr. Debs is so conspicuous as to justify comment, both for its implications upon political government and for its implications upon the Anglo-American habit of mind.

Why is Mr. Debs kept in prison? Clearly not for the gravity of any offence which he may have committed against the United States Government or its laws, because persons who have committed much worse offences have been pardoned. President Wilson himself pardoned the German spy, Captain Rintelen. The newspapers of 27 July report that President Harding pardoned and restored full rights of citizenship to an army-officer who had been convicted by court-martial of wilful disobedience, desertion and cowardice. If there are degrees in criminality, Mr. Debs's offence would hardly bear comparison with that of a spy and fire bug or that of a deserter and coward. Hence, if Mr. Debs remains unpardoned while spies and deserters go free, there must be some reason for the discrimination, aside from the technical quality of his offence.

No one has any doubt, probably, that such is the case. Mr. Debs himself says that the Government is not keeping him in jail for the speech he did make, but for the speeches that it knows he would make if he got out. This is one theory of the Government's action, and is in our judgment correct as far as it goes. Another theory is that the President is keeping Mr. Debs in jail as a sort of demonstration, to satisfy the American Legion and other-like assiduous vermin whose preferences are usually for some Barabbas; and meanwhile, behind the screen of this demonstration, he is quietly releasing the smaller fry. This, too, we think is correct; and the two theories taken together, we believe, constitute a pretty complete account of the Government's behaviour.

Well, then, it strikes us that one can plainly see from this exhibit what sort of an institution political government is, and what it makes of its servants. This is the aspect of the case that interests us. We are not worried about Mr. Debs; he is not that kind. We have always thought that the real victim of the Crucifixion was the Roman procurator Pilate, who seems by all accounts to have been a very decent fellow and naturally disposed to do the humane and decent thing, but was overcome by the exigencies which political government puts upon its agents. Mr. Harding is said by those who know him—we have not that pleasure—to be kindly and generous. We think it wholly unlikely that, as a man, Mr. Harding would condemn a dog to

the fate which, as President, he must put upon one of the very best of men. What a hideous, what an abominable institution it is, therefore, which makes it appear right and praiseworthy and even necessary that ordinary human relations of kindness and decency should not prevail between two human beings, especially beings to whom such relations would be eminently natural and easy! We can not somehow get up the grit to be sorry for Mr. Debs, any sorrier for him than he is for himself, or than we would be for ourselves if we were in his place. But we feel sorry enough for Mr. Harding to make up for any little failure in the flow of our sentiment towards Mr. Debs.

The case of Mr. Debs brings out very clearly also the habit, which we share with the English, of proceeding, in matters like these, not according to what is just or rational, but according to what is convenient. It is flagrantly unjust, flagrantly irrational, to keep Mr. Debs in prison; but it would be inconvenient to let him out, and hence we keep him there. Our whole immense apparatus of laws and legal procedure is based upon the principle of convenience. It is not based upon justice or reason—no one would dream of seeking either justice or reason in a law-court, no one ever does seek them there—but upon sheer convenience. The incidence of our system is seldom strictly against wrongs and injustices, but against inconveniences. It bears indifferently upon the guilty person as such, but bears with all its weight upon the inconvenient person. Captain Rintelen, the convicted spy, and Lieutenant Sherman, the convicted deserter and coward, are not inconvenient persons to have at large; therefore the law bears on them lightly and no one makes a fuss when they are released. Mr. Debs, on the other hand, would be a nuisance to privilege and its homunculi at Washington, because he would be always advertising them unfavourably. Hence the public is willing that he should suffer, and the American Legion serves notice on Mr. Harding that it will never do to pardon him.

Thus the matter stands, and our citizenry may make as much or as little of it as their self-respect intimates. Probably it is nothing to make a great commotion about—at least, such has always been our own view—but the case of Mr. Debs throws so strong a light upon the nature of our institutions and the collective habit expressed by those institutions, that it is worth attention. We hope our readers are more fortunate than we are in being fortified with so high a percentage of Americanism that they can contemplate it with equanimity, and that their nostrils may be so far filled with the incense of true patriotism that they be not impelled to keep on the windward side of themselves while they do so.

### ON KEEPING AGRICULTURE IN MIND.

"WE will do well to keep in mind at this time the fundamental importance of agriculture, and in every possible way to insure justice to it," said Mr. Harding in a recent outpouring. "Agriculture has been labouring under severe handicaps, and is entitled to have facilities placed at its disposal which will remove these"—but when has any President of the United States since the decline of the land-farmer and the rise of the land-exploiter in the 'nineties ever failed to make some such perfunctory obeisance to American agriculture? Campaign-speeches and inaugural addresses since the closing of our last frontiers have always appropriated at least a paragraph of sounding rhetoric to the farmer,



but the necessity of a radical readjustment which will found our fortunes on a prosperous husbandry has never really been felt or understood as a matter of first importance by any of our Democratic or Republican officeholders. Meanwhile, every one knows the answers to such questions as these: is it easier or harder to-day, for an American farmer to finance his crops?—has the amount of tribute he must pay to gamblers and monopolists been lessened or increased?—is the number of desertions from the land decreasing or growing greater and greater under every administration?

"We will do well . . . Agriculture is entitled," says President Harding. Would he talk in such large and easy terms if he were speaking of a rotting pier in a suspension-bridge, "We will do well to keep in the mind the fundamental importance of this stone pier. It is entitled to a little shoring-up and repointing." This gracious air of patronage with which our politicians speak of agriculture would be amusing if it did not indicate a state of ignorance which is causing us as a nation to stumble slowly but surely towards economic catastrophe—a catastrophe from which the husbandman himself will be the least to suffer. There are signs enough that the superstructure of our industrial society may come tumbling down one of these fine days, as in large measure it is already doing in so many parts of Europe. But the husbandman here as there has little to fear from this event. It was only the day before yesterday that he was a self-sustaining pioneer on the free land, and he can retreat to that line of defence without disorganization as the rest of society rushes by in a rout to perdition. It is a notorious fact that many of our foreign-born labourers who are returning to Scandinavia and Middle Europe with a stake saved from their war-time wages are investing in farm-properties which the demands of the times are splitting off from many an ancient estate. In the more or less industrially ruined corners of Europe, the working-farmer who grows food is not only making a good living, but is also profiteering at the expense of those whose morbidly overgrown functions in government or industry have broken down.

What our politicians never seem to understand is that the prospering husbandman, the small freeholder who works his freehold, is the sustaining, nourishing root of any healthy society. That society, like the units which compose it, can not survive as a machine, but only as a growing organism firmly rooted in the land. The contented husbandman may not be the end of all economic, social and æsthetic endeavour, but he is the beginning—our vital connexion with the source of life which must be kept strong and thrifty if the rest of us are to thrive at all. Otherwise civilization will continue to suffer from its present anæmia, strange vapours and the recurrent mania of war, and governments will find themselves in the dilemma that Mr. Thorstein Veblen described in a recent issue of this paper, of having to choose between the devil that is bolshevism, and the deep sea that is war.

Men desire, first and foremost, the satisfaction of their fundamental physical appetites; they seek that sense of security which comes either from a socially acknowledged right of theirs to possess enough land to feed, clothe and shelter themselves and their children, or its equivalent. The host of the unemployed in our cities to-day is a body of men who might be said to have given up their security on the land for an equivalent of which they have been cheated.

The small place in the sun which they sought in their cityward migration is gone and they are prey to the preachments of economic visionaries who promise them a fair equivalent in a new industrial order as ill-founded as the old. They are subject to the hypnosis of "patriotism," i. e., another war, which is the traditional means of obtaining land for the land-hungry of an over-populated country or of a country in the grip of a land-monopoly.

But, supposing, in the first case, that a world-wide communist revolution were successful, the land-hungry would be offered a share in communistic land-holding which when all is said is an unacceptable substitute for what the incorrigible proprietary instinct craves, as every report out of Russia and the Ukraine makes plain to the most passionate communist. In the second case, supposing that the United States waged a successful imperialistic war, the disappointment of a fundamental human desire would be even keener, for the spoils of that war would inevitably go to the already glutted monopolist and exploiter, who has proven himself incompetent to furnish an adequate equivalent for the security of the freehold to those who voluntarily or under compulsion barter this security for a place in industrial life.

The present cycle of war and revolution, then, is likely to continue until economic catastrophe is world-wide and complete, until the credulity and the will-to-endure of all the people in the world is worn down to the quick of the basic human instincts, until the security of the land has left to it no equivalent whatsoever. It has come to this already in the Ukraine, where industry and government lie in ruin as the perennial, ineradicable root of the ancient, small freehold sends up its shoots in a new social growth founded in an unexploited and unexploitable, independent husbandry of the land.

### THE USES OF ADVERTISEMENT.

Not so long ago, there appeared in one of our metropolitan dailies an advertisement which seems to us to hold more meaning for the future of America than all the news that we have read since the frost last fell upon the pumpkin. At the head of this portentous advertisement, like a cherub on a tombstone, one discovers the face of a little girl, pensive, large-eyed, much bewildered by a world overfull by a number of things.

She knows very, very little, and there is so much that she must learn . . .

Who is going to tell her? [asks the writer of the advertisement, in type of a generous size].

Mother and Father and playmates and teachers and books and nature will carry her far along the toilsome road to ladyship.

But she must also be home-maker and stewardess of the family budget. In that sphere she will be guided largely by advertising. Good food, good clothing, good furnishings, good values for her household and children—these she will learn from advertising.

To teach her to want a better home and to make a better home for her children than even her mother made—that is truly shaping public opinion. That is the work of advertising.

Perhaps she will need some of your wares. Who is going to tell her?

With all our heart, we wish that the advertiser could be eliminated from among her instructors, at least until the work of the others is well advanced; yet we know that this can not be done. We know that she will be "told" by the "ad-copy writers," over and over again, insinuatingly, persuasively, convincingly, until in all likelihood she will come to look upon "good food, good clothing, good furnishings, and good values" in all man-



ner of material things, as the sum and substance of the good life.

Before the industrial revolution removed most of the arts and crafts from the home to the factory, an intense preoccupation with material things, on the part of both men and women, was commonly requisite for the maintenance of life. As children grew up, the question was, who was going to tell them how they could produce for themselves most of the things that they were to consume. The revolution changed all this, not only by shifting the centre of production, but by increasing the efficiency of labour many times over and, in effect, multiplying the number of producers, out of all proportion to the number of consumers. If the people of the industrialized countries had consumed no more goods than they had consumed in the day of domestic industry, the economic evacuation of the home and the increase in the efficiency of labour would necessarily have produced a great increment of free time, which might have been devoted to non-material interests.

The industrial revolution not only created the opportunity for an expansion of the intellectual life, but made such a development superlatively necessary. Craft-work, and even the use of the products of craftsmanship, had provided opportunities for self-expression which were not to be found in the processes of machine-production, and least of all in the purchase and consumption of machine-made goods. By every defensible standard of judgment, the material business of life was now less interesting and significant than it had ever been at any previous time, and the intellectual life, by contrast, far more so.

It is one of the supreme tragedies of history that no great cultural movement arose to withdraw from the cheap and nasty products of the factory some of the attention which had more properly belonged to food, clothing and shelter in the days of craftsmanship. The great opportunity has nowhere been realized, least of all in America; but it is a notable fact that where it has come nearest to realization, the public exhibits the minimum of interest in the inquiry as to "who is going to tell" the next generation where to get good breakfast-foods and good bric-à-brac. In Europe, the people are less responsive to advertising than in America, where it is recognized that a positive intellectual quality limits the serviceability of a periodical as a medium for general advertising even more severely than it limits its circulation.

As long as millions of Americans are supremely interested in the stage-setting and the properties of life, advertising on the grand scale will pay, and the advertisers will continue to assault the country with seductive descriptions of newly-perfected garters and health-insuring tooth-paste. With the aid of all the graphic and literary arts at the "ad-writer's" command, the factories on a thousand hills will continue to fill with trash the vacuum created by the industrial revolution, and left empty by an unfruitful culture. The manufacturers have embraced their opportunity, and no one blames them for that. Most of their stuff is nothing more than fuel for an engine that should operate to some purpose. Where the purpose is lacking, attention is concentrated upon the process of metabolism.

### OUR LOST INTRANSIGENTS.

As we observe the latest American generation of "young intellectuals" shading off into the majority, losing its contour, its colour, its character, its tang, we ask ourselves why it is that not so many as a handful of our fellow-countrymen seem to be able to withstand

the solicitations of the mob-existence. Without this remnant and its leaders, a remnant insulated against the common life and its common values, no real development can ever take place in society. "The power and salvation of a people," as Chekhov was only the last to say, "lie in its intelligentsia, in the intellectuals who think honestly, feel and can work." That is understood in other countries, and in other countries the remnant stands firm and only reconstitutes itself from decade to decade. We have, it is true, if not this remnant, at least the impulse towards it, the feeling for it, the intention of it; but with us, instead of taking form, it is, so to speak, permanently in process of dissolution. One standard-bearer after another emerges from the mist, group follows group, and there is a great pother about a new heaven and a new earth. As nothing ever happens, however, one at last concludes that, upon a closer examination, our malcontents find the old earth good enough; they seem, for the most part, to have so little difficulty in making friends with it. Thus it appears that American society is like a wheel without any cogs, and that, in spite of all its malcontents, it is destined to turn round for ever in its own unbroken beatitude.

Now we know that our intellectuals are not lacking in projects, practicable and impracticable, good and bad. What they do lack is evidently conviction, and it is equally evident that they lack conviction because they lack values. When men have values their minds become tough, there is within them a resisting certitude to which their desires and their emotions can affix themselves; and that, in comparison with anything we know in America, is plainly the case with a considerable proportion of the intellectuals of Europe. Their minds are tough because they have values which prevent their energies from being dissipated; but where do they get these values? From the creators of values. It is an error to suppose that society itself, that the stoutest tradition, can alone maintain even the simplest values by which we live. Values have to be re-created, or at least re-stated, in every social group and in every generation: when this fails to take place one has the stagnant epochs and the stagnant peoples. Our civilization professes to live by Christianity; yet all the struggles of Tolstoy were required to redeem even a few of the falsified phrases of this creed. The creator of values, then, is the one man with whom society can not dispense; and how does he carry on his *métier*? By ceasing to live in the world of common values, by forming no permanently entangling alliances with it, by departing into the cave of his own ego and there using himself as a *corpus vile* for the attainment of new frames of mind, new attitudes, new standards of measurement. How is it possible to create that to which the environment is to adapt itself if one has adapted oneself to the environment? It is because, in good measure, the poets and philosophers of the old world refuse to adapt themselves to the environment that the intellectuals of the old world get their values, and, having values, get their convictions. Thus, instead of revolving like ours in a perpetual beatitude, society in Europe does, in its calamitous way, blunder forward.

Evidently, then, it is our American philosophers and poets who are at fault for the stagnancy of our life; and indeed to explain the lapse, the defection, the fatuity of the most recent generation of intellectuals one need go no further back than their acknowledged master, William James. To trust a spontaneous self that has not been leavened with new values, not to seek new values but to turn those one has into "cash,"



to live the life not of thought but of will, such is the virtual fiat of the Jamesian pragmatism; but as thought scarcely exists in America, and our present values are as musty and stale as they can possibly be, this, for us, is simply to beg the whole question of philosophy. James, by giving a fresh ethical *cachet* to the ordinary working creed of our practical civilization, led his disciples back into the wilderness from which they had emerged, and left them there, with the result that their impulses trickled away into the sand.

As we read James's recently published letters we see that his philosophy of self-adaptation, for that is what it comes to, was the expression of his own life. He was unable to create values because he had never transcended his environment; and his failure to do so is perhaps typical of the failures of all those other men who might have deepened and strengthened the character of our society. He was, as he said, and like so many other sensitive Americans of his generation, a "victim of neurasthenia"; and that he did not "like" the society in which he lived, that he liked it no better than his brother Henry, that its values in no way corresponded with those he had instinctively absorbed from his father and from the European associations of his childhood, we can see from his lifelong desire to escape from it, "back to nature," back to the woods. "I am a badly mixed critter," he writes in 1895, "and I experience a certain organic need for simplification and solitude that is quite imperious." His whole life was thus an effort to reconcile himself, to bring himself into *rapproch* with an industrialized world, an effort in which, in order to "play the game," he gradually and unconsciously surrendered his apprehension of any values superior to those that were current in the American society of his day. It was with reason that Henry James told him he would be "humiliated" if his brother liked a certain book of his and thereby lumped it, in his affection, "with things of the current age," as Henry James put it, "that I have heard you express admiration for and that I would sooner descend to a dishonoured grave than have written." The impairment our philosopher's æsthetic taste had suffered may be gauged by his remark at the age of sixty-six that the architecture of Stanford University was "purer and more lovely than aught that Italy can show." Indeed he reveals, in his comments on books, men and public affairs, an immaturity of judgment, a want of real discrimination, a levity of conviction that remind one of Mark Twain and Theodore Roosevelt. What shall one say of a man who considered Mr. Balfour "great," who, anti-militarist that he was, thought it would be only poetic justice if England's volunteer army were defeated by a conscript army from the Continent, who, opposed as he was to the annexation of the Philippines, expressed himself as willing, once the annexation was a *fait accompli*, to be convinced that he was in error? There is nothing peculiar in these reactions, but that is just the point; they were typical of James's reactions, they were also the typical reactions of the everyday, liberal-minded citizen; they show how successfully James's self-adaptation had taken place. This philosopher, with his "genius for being frustrated and interrupted," who, regretting that he had not completed the arch of his thought, permitted himself, in the culminating years of his life, and with his conscience always nagging him, to be drawn off by every invitation to popularize his ideas, this philosopher was simply, in essence, a "normal," engaging, spontaneous, impulsive member of the American tribe of his generation. As for his gospel of risk and adventure, how

it suggests the bravado of R. L. Stevenson, how it suggests Roosevelt's "strenuous life"! These victims of neurasthenia, these lovers of the "simplification" of the wilderness and the woods, how well we know, when they express themselves *fortissimo*, that they are not attempting to surpass life, that they merely wish to live it on equal terms with their contemporaries!

It is not perhaps for the philosophers to legislate for the remnant alone; but unless they do legislate for the remnant, the remnant loses itself in the majority, and all movement comes to a stop. If those who should have been our creators of values have been, on the whole, men of insufficient strength, we have to remember the immense handicaps they have had to encounter, the fact that our mechanistic life overstrains the nerves of every sensitive man, the unique nature, at once gigantic and chaotic, of our society, which reduces the strongest to a sort of fatalism, the absence of any artistic or aristocratic tradition that might have mitigated, in this country, the predominance of purely tribal standards. It remains true that the vicious circle of "good customs that corrupt the world" will never be broken in this country till we produce a few men who are able to stand up to our life, and look it in the face, and then deliberately reject it, not through any need to escape, but at the command of a profound personal vision. Such a man was Randolph Bourne, the toughest and most intransigent mind the younger generation has produced, and one who might well have convinced us that we have had too many cheerful meliorists, too many apostles of the "glad hand." How much we should enjoy the spectacle of a sour-faced American Schopenhauer, an indigestible American Tolstoy, an insufferable American Ibsen, an incredible American Nietzsche—just one true-blue solitary rhinoceros! But why resort to these violent fancies? Every one remembers the words of Alcibiades at the end of the "Symposium": "This Marsyas has often brought me to such a pass, that I have felt as if I could hardly endure the life which I am leading (this, Socrates, you admit); and I am conscious that if I did not shut my ears against him, and fly from the voice of the siren, he would detain me until I grew old sitting at his feet. For he makes me confess that I ought not to live as I do, neglecting the wants of my own soul, and busying myself with the concerns of the Athenians."

## TO CHEKHOV'S MEMORY.

### I

You remember how, in early childhood, after the long summer holidays, one went back to school? Everything was grey; the place was like a barrack; it smelt of fresh paint and putty; one's schoolfellows were rough, the authorities unkind. Still one tried somehow to keep up one's courage, though at moments one was seized with homesickness. One was occupied in greeting friends, struck by changes in faces, deafened by the noise and movement.

But when evening comes and the bustle in the half-dark dormitory ceases, O what an unbearable sadness, what despair possesses one's soul! One bites one's pillow, suppressing one's sobs, whispers dear names, and cries with tears that burn, and knows that this sorrow is unquenchable. It is then that one realizes for the first time all the shattering horror of two things: the irrevocability of the past and the feeling of loneliness. It seems as if one would gladly give up all the rest of life, gladly suffer any tortures, for a single day of that bright, beautiful life which will never repeat itself. It seems as if one would snatch each kind, caressing word and enclose it for ever in one's memory, as if one would



drink into one's soul, slowly and greedily, drop by drop, every caress; and one is cruelly tormented by the thought that, through carelessness, in the hurry, and because time seemed inexhaustible, one had not made the most of each hour and moment that flashed by in vain.

A child's sorrows are sharp, but will melt in sleep and disappear with the morning sun. We grown-up people, do not feel them so passionately, but we remember longer and grieve more deeply. After Chekhov's funeral, coming back from the service in the cemetery, one great writer spoke words that were simple, but full of meaning: "Now we have buried him, the hopeless keenness of the loss is passing away. But do you realize, for ever, till the end of our days, there will remain in us a constant, dull, sad consciousness that Chekhov is not there?"

Now that he is not here, one feels with peculiar pain how precious was each word of his, each smile, movement, glance, in which shone out his beautiful, elect, aristocratic soul. One is sorry that one was not always attentive to those special details, which sometimes more potently and intimately than great deeds reveal the inner man. One reproaches oneself that in the fluster of life one has not managed to remember—to write down much of what is interesting, characteristic and important. At the same time one knows that these feelings are shared by all those who were near him, who loved him truly as a man of incomparable spiritual fineness and beauty; and with eternal gratitude they will respect his memory, as the memory of one of the most remarkable of Russian writers.

To the love, to the tender and subtle sorrow of these men, I dedicate these lines.

Chekhov's cottage in Yalta stood nearly outside the town, right on the white and dusty Antka road. I do not know who had built it, but it was the most original building in Yalta. All bright, pure, light, beautifully proportioned, built in no definite architectural style whatsoever, with a watchtower like a castle, with unexpected gables, with a glass veranda on the ground and an open terrace above, with scattered windows—both wide and narrow—the bungalow resembled a building of the modern school, if there were not obvious in its plan the attentive and original thought, the distinguished, peculiar taste of an individual. The bungalow stood in the corner of an orchard, surrounded by a flower-garden. Adjoining the garden, on the side opposite the road, was an old deserted Tartar cemetery, fenced with a low little wall; always green, still and unpeopled, with modest stones on the graves.

The flower-garden was tiny, not at all luxurious, and the fruit orchard was still very young. There grew in it pears and crab apples, apricots, peaches, almonds. During the last years the orchard began to bear fruit, which caused Anton Pavlovitch (Chekhov) much worry and at the same time a touching and childish pleasure. When the time came to gather almonds, they were also gathered in Chekhov's orchard. They usually lay in a little heap in the window sill of the drawing-room, and it seemed as if nobody could be cruel enough to take them, although they were offered.

Anton Pavlovitch did not like it and was even cross when people told him that his bungalow was too little protected from the dust, which came from the Antka road, and that the orchard was insufficiently supplied with water. Without on the whole liking the Crimea, and certainly not Yalta, he regarded his orchard with a special, zealous love. People saw him sometimes in the morning, sitting on his heels, carefully coating the stems of his roses with sulphur or pulling weeds from the flower-beds; and what rejoicing there would be, when in the summer drought there at last began a rain that filled the spare clay cisterns with water!

But his love for the place was not that of a proprietor, it was something else, a mightier and wiser consciousness. He would often say, looking at his orchard with a twinkle in his eye: "Look, I have planted each tree here

and certainly they are dear to me. But that is of no consequence. Before I came here all this was waste land and ravines, all covered with stones and thistles. Then I came and turned this wilderness into a cultivated, beautiful place. Do you know?"—he would add with a grave face, in a tone of profound belief—"do you know that in three or four hundred years all the earth will become a flourishing garden, and life will then be exceedingly light and comfortable."

The thought of the beauty of the coming life, which is expressed so tenderly, sadly, and charmingly in all his latest works, was in his life also one of his most intimate, most cherished thoughts. How often must he have thought of the future happiness of mankind when, in the mornings, alone, silently, he trimmed his roses, still moist from the dew, or examined carefully a young sapling, wounded by the wind; and how much there was in that thought of meek, wise, and humble self-forgetfulness.

No, it was not a thirst for life, a clinging to life coming from the insatiable human heart, neither was it a greedy curiosity as to what will come after one's own life, nor an envious jealousy of remote generations. It was the agony of an exceptionally refined, charming, and sensitive soul, who suffered beyond measure from the banality, coarseness, dreariness, nothingness, violence, savagery—the whole horror and darkness of modern everyday existence. That is why, when towards the end of his life there came to him immense fame and comparative security, together with the devoted love of all that was sensitive, talented and honest in Russian society—that is why he did not lock himself up in the inaccessibility of greatness nor become a masterful prophet nor shrink into a venomous and petty hostility against the fame of others. No, the sum of his wide and hard experience of life, of his sorrows, joys, and disappointments was expressed in that beautiful, anxious, self-forgetting dream of the coming happiness of others. "How beautiful life will be in three or four hundred years."

That is why he looked lovingly after his flower-beds, as if he saw in them the symbol of beauty to come, and watched new paths being laid out by human intellect and knowledge. He looked with pleasure at new and original buildings and at large, sea-going steamers; he was eagerly interested in every new invention and was not bored by the company of specialists. With firm conviction he said that crimes such as murder, theft, and adultery are decreasing, and have nearly disappeared among the intelligentsia, teachers, doctors, and authors. He believed that in the future true culture would ennoble mankind.

Telling of Chekhov's orchard I forgot to mention that there stood in the middle of it swings and a wooden bench. Both these latter remained from "Uncle Vanya," which play the Moscow Art Theatre acted at Yalta, evidently with the sole purpose of showing the performance to Anton Pavlovitch, who was ill at the time. Both objects were specially dear to Chekhov and, pointing to them, he would recollect with gratitude the attention paid him so kindly by the players of the Art Theatre. It is fitting to say here that these fine actors, by their exceptionally subtle response to Chekhov's talent and their friendly devotion to himself, much sweetened his last days.

## II

There lived in the yard of Chekhov's house at Yalta a tame crane and two dogs. It must be said that Anton Chekhov loved all animals very much with the exception of cats, for which he felt an invincible disgust. He loved dogs specially. His dead "Kashtanka," his "Bromide," and "Quinine," which he had in Melikhovo, he remembered and spoke of, as one remembers one's dead friends. "Fine race, dogs!"—he would say at times with a good-natured smile.

Chekhov's crane was a pompous, grave bird, who generally mistrusted people, but had a close friendship with



Arseniy, Anton Chekhov's pious servant. He would run after Arseniy anywhere in the garden, orchard or yard, and would jump amusingly and wave his wide-open wings, performing a characteristic crane dance, which always made Chekhov laugh. One of the dogs was called Tusik, and the other Kashtan, in honour of the famous Kashtanka. Kashtan was distinguished in nothing but stupidity and idleness. In appearance he was fat, smooth and clumsy, of a bright chocolate colour, with senseless yellow eyes. He would bark after Tusik at strangers, but one had only to call him and he would turn on his back and begin servilely to crawl on the ground. Anton Pavlovitch would give him a little push with his stick, when he came up fawning, and would say with mock sternness: "Go away, go away, fool—Leave me alone."

Then, turning to his interlocutor, with annoyance, but with laughter in his eyes; he would add: "Wouldn't you like me to give you this dog? You can't believe how stupid he is."

But it happened once that Kashtan, through his stupidity and clumsiness, got under the wheels of a cab which crushed his leg. The poor dog came home running on three legs, howling terribly. His hind leg was crippled, the flesh cut nearly to the bone, bleeding profusely. Anton Pavlovitch instantly washed his wound with warm water and sublimate, sprinkled iodoform and put on a bandage. With what tenderness, how dexterously and warily his big, beautiful fingers touched the torn skin of the dog, and with what compassionate reproof he soothed the howling Kashtan: "Ah, you silly, silly . . . How did you do it? Be quiet . . . you'll be better . . . little stupid . . ."

I have here to repeat a commonplace, but there is no doubt that animals and children were instinctively drawn to Chekhov. Sometimes a girl who was ill would come to him and bring with her a little orphan girl of three or four, whom she was bringing up. Between the tiny child and the sad invalid man, the famous author, was established a peculiar, serious and trusting friendship. They would sit together for a long time on the bench, in the veranda, Anton Pavlovitch listening with attention and concentration, while she whispered to him without ceasing her funny words and tangled her little hands in his beard.

Chekhov was regarded with a great and heart-felt love by all sorts of simple people with whom he came into contact—servants, messengers, porters, beggars, tramps, postmen—and not only with love, but with subtle sensitiveness, with concern and with understanding. I can not help telling here one story which was told me by a small official of the Russian Navigation and Trade Company, a downright man, reserved and perfectly direct in receiving and telling his impressions.

It was autumn. Chekhov, returning from Moscow, had just arrived at Yalta by steamer from Sebastopol, and had not yet left the deck of the vessel. It was that interval of chaos, of shouts and bustle which comes while the gangway is being put in place. At that chaotic moment the porter, a Tartar, who always waited on Chekhov, saw him from the distance and managed to climb up onto the steamer sooner than anyone else. He found Chekhov's luggage and was already on the point of carrying it down, when suddenly a rough and fierce-looking chief mate rushed on him. The man did not confine himself to obscene language, but in the access of his official anger, he struck the Tartar on the face. "Then," my friend told me, an unbelievable scene took place. "The Tartar threw the luggage on the deck, beat his breast with his fists and, with wild eyes, was ready to fall on the chief mate, while he shouted in a voice which rang all over the port: 'What? Are you striking me? D'ye think you struck me? It is him—him, that you struck!' and he pointed his finger at Chekhov. Chekhov stood there, pale and his lips trembled. He came up to the mate and said to him quietly and distinctly, but with an unusual expression: 'Are not you ashamed!' If I had

been that chief mate, I would rather be spat upon twenty times in the face than hear that 'are not you ashamed.' Although the mate was sufficiently thick-skinned, even he felt it. He hustled about for a moment, murmured something and disappeared instantly, and he was seen no more on deck."

ALEXANDER KUPRIN.

(To be continued.)

## MAHATMA GANDHI'S BOYCOTT.

SELF-RELIANCE is the cardinal doctrine of the non-coöperation movement fathered by Mahatma (Saint) Gandhi, a movement which is sweeping through India like a forest fire. According to this spiritual leader and political prophet the British Government in India is "an irresponsible, insolent and godless bureaucracy," and is "wholly evil in its totality." Therefore, he declares that he "seeks to, and must destroy the system." To him this is not only a civic duty, but a spiritual obligation as well.

The destruction of an alien government by a subject people held in unwilling submission at the point of the bayonet is not a new thing in the world, but never perhaps in recorded history has there been another attempt on such a gigantic scale to win a victory by purely peaceful means. Strange are the weapons of this war without violence—the weapons of non-hatred, self-restraint and non-coöperation. It was through the influence of Gandhi that this titanic movement of such far-reaching consequences was officially adopted by the Indian National Congress a few months ago. The provisions of non-coöperation embrace the surrender of all titles of honour; the settlement of disputes by private arbitration, and the suspension of practice by lawyers; the boycott of government-controlled schools and colleges; the boycott of British goods; the gradual resignation of all government employees, including the police and the soldiers; and lastly, the refusal to pay taxes to the alien government.

The object of the movement is avowedly to paralyse the British Government of India. The first condition of success, according to Gandhi and his followers, is the absolute abstinence from any act of violence. Even violent thoughts and words are to be studiously avoided. It is not because India is weak and helpless, but because she is so great and strong that she can magnanimously afford to wear this armour of non-violence and begin a peaceful offensive to win a speedy victory for her ideals.

Considering the active opposition of the British Government and the Indian royalists, the country as a whole has marvellously responded to the call of the Mahatma. Although the modern Indian nationalist movement began in Bengal in 1905, a true national leader was wanting. This has at last been found in the unique personality of Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi. The saintliness of his character and the utter unselfishness of his motives have won for him the unalloyed confidence and unconditional obedience of the teeming millions of Hindustan. True, there are many, who, in spite of their profound reverence for their great leader, are not strong enough to renounce all their earthly treasures for the joy of supreme self-sacrifice, and for the boon of helping to win a national government for their native land. But, day by day, the conditions all around them are forcing even these weaker brethren to think seriously of their responsibilities to the great cause.

In the meantime, in response to a national appeal, about 30,000 men and women have returned to the



British Government their titles and badges and medals of "honour." Those who still cling to these things are being socially ostracized. Hundreds of candidates who stood for election in the so-called reformed councils created by the new Indian "Home Rule" Act withdrew their candidacy. Thousands of lawyers of eminence have given up their practices in the British courts. Mr. C. R. Das, for example, who had a monthly income of about \$15,000 from an extensive practice of law in the High Court of Calcutta, has given up his practice and is now working with Gandhi for the attainment of *Swaraj* (National Government). The boycott of schools and colleges owned or controlled by the Government is spreading. Hundreds of thousands of students, both male and female, have ceased to attend the educational institutions of the Government. As soon as a government school or a college is closed, it is at once nationalized, or if this can not be done, a national school or college is promptly opened to take its place. In such schools or colleges, education is imparted along national lines. Hindi, the future common language of India, is compulsory; as are also spinning and weaving. Furthermore, thousands of youths are now being trained as "national volunteers" in different *Swaraj Ashramas* (National Homes) for non-violent service of the motherland. These student volunteers are establishing national schools and arbitration-courts in the villages of India. Whenever they find a village without a school, they do not leave the place until they have set up a school there. The education of the workers and the farmers is receiving special attention at their hands.

The formidable boycott of British goods in India is inflicting immeasurable injury upon British political prestige and financial power. After all, British administration in India is only another name for unbridled exploitation of India's fields, farms, factories, markets, mines and raw materials. This systematic exploitation of India keeps the idle rich of Britain in abominable luxury, the British workingmen in abject poverty, and more than half the world inextricably chained to the chariot-wheels of British imperialism. More than any other single factor, this boycott of British goods in India threatens to put an end to this state of affairs. The boycott began on 1 August, 1920. Indian merchants have cancelled orders in Britain to such an extent that many British mills and factories have been forced to close their gates and suspend all production. Millions of British workers are out of employment. In the cotton-districts of Lancashire the effect of the boycott is clearly marked. The British Stock Exchange is in a panicky mood, and there are several financial authorities who trace the origin of the present economic crisis to the spirit of revolt in India. There are to-day about 65,000 bales of British cotton piece-goods lying unclaimed in the harbour of Bombay, and another 100,000 unclaimed bales in Calcutta. Altogether \$1,500,000,000 worth of foreign goods of various kinds are rotting in the harbours of India. Since January, 1921, almost no orders have been placed in England. Writing in the *Manchester Guardian* (weekly edition) on 4 March, 1921, a correspondent states:

Some days ago the Lancashire members of the Parliament in deploring the serious decline in export of cotton piece-goods to India under present conditions, pointed out that Britain in 1913 exported to India 3,189,000,000 yards, but in 1920 the figure had dropped to 1,474,000,000 yards. The members called for the immediate inquiry into the causes and remedy.

But while the machinery of boycott is working incessantly, India's great need for cotton-goods continues. In the production of raw cotton India is sec-

ond only to the United States of America. Hence the boycott of British-made cotton has created an urgent need for spinning wheels and hand looms. The spinning wheel has been adopted as the national emblem, and stands on the newly designed national flag of India. The National Congress Committee has undertaken to distribute 2,500,000 hand looms to as many homes all over the country. Men and women of all ranks and of all professions are using their leisure hours in spinning and weaving; and even the richest are proudly going about dressed in the coarsest homespun. "We have willed," writes Dr. M. A. Anasari, the General Secretary of the National Congress, "to become poor that India may be rich; we have spurned every pleasure that India may know the joy of freedom; we make ourselves small that India may be great; we become weak that invincible strength may be hers." It is claimed in certain quarters that the spinning wheel will win the war.

Because drunkards can not be efficient workers in a sacred cause like this, Gandhi has declared that drinkshops and drinking must disappear from India. The boycott of liquor, opium and hemp is spreading throughout every province. Saloons are disappearing everywhere, even in the city of Calcutta. Men who haunt saloons or drink at home are socially ostracized. This is another blow at British rule for the liquor-traffic is a monopoly of the British Government in India from which it derives enormous revenues. On account of this boycott against drink many saloonkeepers have given up their leases, and many more are refusing to renew theirs. The British Government, consequently, is uselessly doing all that it can to crush the temperance movement in India.

But the most dramatically significant factor in the non-coöperation movement is the whole-hearted manner in which the workingmen of India are supporting Mahatma Gandhi and the cause he represents. The Indian workingman, mercilessly exploited and criminally neglected, holds the key to the situation to-day. He is in the vast majority, and potentially he is the dominant power in the land. Already he is giving substantial evidences of his self-realization. Trade unions are increasing in strength and numbers everywhere. Almost every profession is thoroughly organized. The labour-unions are closely co-operating with the political leaders. At the least provocation the workers declare a strike. At present the strikes are mostly directed against the British Government, British merchants, British manufacturers and British employers in general.

The dynamic potency of this new movement may be measured by what happened not long ago, in Bombay. An "epidemic" of strikes swept the "Queen City." The longshoremen struck work, and shipping was at a standstill and the entire water front was paralysed; the trolley-strike stopped transportation; a railway-strike cut off all communication with outside; the gasmen's strike plunged the city in darkness; the telegraph operators' and postmen's strike made the receipt of messages impossible. The city was practically in a state of siege, and thus the vaunted power of the mighty British *Raj* was non-violently reduced to nothing by the might of Indian labour.

Who can wonder that the British Government to-day stands aghast at the prospect it sees ahead; no wonder that the British newspapers in India and in England are crying curses on the non-coöperation movement. To one such criticism in the *Times of India* of Bombay, Mahatma Gandhi replied recently:



The *Times of India* considers the non-coöperation movement to be 'an easy descent to hell.' I respectfully urge that it is a difficult ascent to heaven. If it was a movement to produce anarchy, surely it could be precipitated any moment. The *Times of India* and other critics, who, I believe, are anxious to understand the inwardness of the struggle, will do well to appreciate the fact that not only I, but all the leaders, are doing their utmost to prevent anarchy. It is no use isolating me from the rest.

Non-coöperation is strengthening both the body and the soul of India. It is more of a spiritual than a political movement. Whatever may be its outcome the awakened people of India are at least giving the people of England ample warning that the time has come for a peaceful evacuation of the Indian motherland.

BASANTA KOOMAR ROY.

## A COMEDY OF CLIMATE.

THE enthusiast was saying: "People of attainment, people of means, are gathering here in greater and greater numbers, to meet each other, to be in each other's company. The man of science, the artist, the historian, finds here more than a city of dignified calm, of comfortable quiet, of eye-filling vistas and noble buildings—he finds more than a place to work in; he finds appreciation of his work, and understanding of himself. Here the man of money learns he can tear himself away from the reverence of the vulgar and from the race for supremacy in the headlines. Here he can forget the fact of his wealth and can meet men who introduce him to more interesting pursuits in life. All the fine spirits, all the brains of the country, are flocking here and shaping a society new in America—new, and promising."

"Yes," drawled a listener, "I don't doubt this town will yet become the capital of the country."

The city under discussion was Washington, D. C.—and the discussion was distinctly dampened by that last remark. It was dampened because the quiet cynicism had put into so many words the settled negation that from the very air of Washington whispers a denial to every such prognostication. Every ear in Washington comes to hear that whispered denial in time. It is true that such people as the enthusiast described are coming to Washington; most of them to live, some of them to work here. Some of them will actually work here; some of them, lucky dogs, will have to. Most of them will end by devoting themselves to the principal business of Washington—the business of talk. The talk may be elevated but talk it is. It may be a glorified loaf, but by the decree of a fate that is little likely ever to be removed from Washington, loafing will be the lot of all but the very few who escape its thrall, thanks to a remarkable power of will or to the imperative necessity of doing some real work.

The fate that hangs over Washington is a climate that loosens every fibre of the human body, but chiefly the fibres of the tongue. In New York, Chicago, Boston, even in Philadelphia, the man bent upon work is able to catch a contagion of work from others about him. In Washington he has his own will power to urge him, and nothing more. In England, France, Italy, even in Germany and in Austria-Hungary (when there was such a realm), the Fates pitched the centres of human concern—art and finance and commerce—and the centre of government under the same tent. For centuries London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, and Vienna have been the focal points of every popular business and interest, and the governance of those interests. In vast, sprawling America the country's pursuits are nested in several centres—New York, in the main. By grace of

a piece of political jobbery, innocent and thoughtless enough at the time, the capital of the country's government was pitched apart, in a suburb, a resort.

There was, of course, no deliberate wickedness in the choice of location. It was a commonplace of compromise. Consult the papers of Alexander Hamilton for light on the amiable spirit, even the frisky humour, with which he salved the vanity of New York and Philadelphia, and bent the obstinacy of Jefferson, in the happy thought of choosing a spot along the Potomac. It was the single blunder of a brilliant man. The chosen spot is lovely enough, be it conceded. The city builded here is among the loveliest of earth. But it is empty of its proper life and throb, for the reason that the airs it breathes are fatally soft. Even if Government had not waved away all other endeavours save government, the other endeavours might never have come.

What shortcomings of government our forefathers were fastening on their darling dream by their choice of Washington for its national capital, is a speculation that may be left to Professor Huntington, the authority on climate and its influence on civilization. It is, too, nothing but speculation to consider how much the functions of government would have sped themselves, would have caught the characteristic, effective, driving energy of the country, if they had been left where the national Government once was, in New York. But when editors and orators and all those who hold the interests of our country sometimes too crushingly close to their hearts, thunder at governmental delay, at senatorial haggling, and presidential indecision, they are cursing the wrong culprits altogether. The real culprit is the climate of Washington, and that culprit was, is, and ever will be, a comedian on the epic scale. One hears the silent laughter of that great comedian at every Washington street-corner, down every Washington vista—and they are superb, those vistas. Here then, in the main, is a magnificent plant, a splendid equipment, empty of everything but a government machine doomed to fight everlastingly the anæsthesia of a climate; a climate that gasses those who are here, and frightens away those who are not.

In the capital of a great nation one expects to find a national theatre, a national opera, a showing of art and the arts on a national scale. Where are they in Washington; where is any respectable showing of any of the Muses? The business of government needed a library, and a library is now provided. Somehow science has been favoured with a museum that holds its own with any and sets the pace for some. Now the capital is beginning to coax something of art under its wing, but the approach is slow.

Government has to be housed, and as government buildings go, our Government has housed itself handsomely; in every new instance with a monumental magnificence. The memory of at least four of its great men it has perpetuated by means that link an almost equal greatness of art with greatness of deed. But the point of this, the everlasting point of it, is that even these performances are set off, apart and away from the courses of everyday national interest and movement. The miracle of their existence is little more than a myth to most of our citizenry.

In the field of the drama, the nation's capital has become a mere "dog town," where plays designed first for Broadway and later for Main Street, are trotted out and tested and pruned and gingered. What must the foreign notables in diplomatic Washington think of that; and what must they think when they find that



the real home of our national press is a couple of hundred miles away, and the principal newspapers of the national capital are content with columns of gossip and editorial notice of such facts as that the largest cities have the most population, that it is generally warmer in summer than it is in winter, that two and two are four, honesty is the best policy, and Mary had a little lamb?

Well, the answer to all these complaints is, simply, Climate, the comedian who has laughed down everything else in Washington and left it a country town nestling about an exiled Government; and over that Government itself this Puck of a fellow sweeps his tricky wand.

Maybe it is well enough, in theory, that a government seat should be set apart. Its skirts may, perhaps, be kept the cleaner of contamination. Aloofness brings perspective, provides a place for deliberation. Distance from the noisy mills and marts may make the proper environment for calm judgment, precise and unhurried. Distance and aloofness would truly do all that if the scene were laid in an atmosphere electric with energy, amid a contagion of performance.

Make no mistake about it, Washington is not aloof to the point of isolation. The great energies of the rest of the country beat in upon it without a pause. The wires and the mails sweat and groan with their daily burden of demand, advice, information, request, and appeal. Not a responsible figure in the national Government but is in contact with every expectant, insistent corner of the country. His vote is demanded for this; his influence is besought for that; or a "message" on some great theme, the solving of some mammoth problem, is asked, it seems sometimes, by every village forum, every college freshman in the land. These heads of affairs do work. They have to.

But they work against that everlasting, invisible handicap, the lulling airs of the Potomac. Generally these responsible leaders do their work, take their decisive steps, alone; or they borrow what stimulus they can from the company of their fellows. If the rest of the country had the slightest intimation of the Herculean labours laid on the shoulders of these bedevilled men, editorial thunder against them would die away in a symphony of sympathy, and the carping critic on the morning smoker would close his grouches, along with his lips, about his cigar. For, as if the climate were not enough, Washington's army of assisting clerks is sent to immortal slumber in the fog of civil service.

Whatever the merits of that institution may be—and in the absence of a better, it is still the best—it numbs ambition, robs enterprise of any hope of reward; initiative, of any prospect of advancement. It creates an army of drones, whose earning-power is chiefly in the direction of neglect, except as now, when attention comes in the form of being fired by the thousand. "Released to other pursuits," is the official phrase—meaning the pursuit of a job. The face of New York on its way to work is lit with eagerness, if only for some new graft or robbery. Whatever else may be spoken by the sphinx-like face on the Saint-Gaudens figure in Rock Creek Cemetery, it is life-like enough in this respect, that it is a speaking portrait of the composite face of Washington on its way to work in the morning.

In the afternoon you may notice a spark of interest on the Washington face—at the moment of release from the treadmill, when the "movies" are in prospect. What wonder that a live man, fresh from his activities amid striving helpers in the outer world, and drawn

into governmental responsibilities among helpers like these, is made to feel like a fly caught on the sticky paper—and is cursed by the press accordingly? The man at the top has at least self-interest to drive him in his work: a senatorial toga in his eye, or in his bonnet the presidential bee that so often becomes a fly in the ointment. Many a man of his kind has come to Washington planning great plans, and committing the blunder of trumpeting them abroad in the papers. The expectation he has thus aroused lives on to mock him, whilst he himself has sunk to rest amid clerkly inertia, to be mocked at again by the demon of climate. The wonder is that any governing is done at all. How much of the wind in the Senate is merely Potomac airs?

The stage is set in Washington for a magnificent life—that is not. The house is in order, superbly appointed—and the tenant never arrives. Lacking only the charm of the ancient in Paris, Washington far outdoes the French capital for sweep of plan, for splendid vista, for beauty of architecture, for freshness of foliage, and order, and cleanliness. But Paris is the immortal soul of the French people, as London still beats as the heart of the England of Alfred and Arthur. In the sense that those cities are the very minds of the people who made them, Washington, however it may grow in beauty and in charm for "the best Americans," is not the mind of America.

One wanders through Washington's great buildings, and about them, and down her tree-shaded avenues, and marvels that so much splendour should be reserved for the comparatively few men who perform the not supremely important business of governing the country—they and the comparatively few thousands who sell them food, and press their pants, and black their shoes. Over an occasional visiting figure of power and might, but mostly over a trickling stream of other nearby villagers, the \$16,000,000 Union Station rears the loveliest, the most majestic expanse of marble that ever defied the imagination to suggest a single added beauty. That alone is typical; it is Washington.

After all, the supremely important thing in life is not government, it is work. Where the Grand Central Station in New York, and "the Loop" in Chicago, and Market Street in San Francisco teem with busy doers, *there* is the true capital of America. Each of those humming places has its scattered possessions of beauty, but never such an array as here in Washington, never so much of it, so little tarnished with ugliness and dirt. What they have of beauty is seen and possessed, nevertheless. In Washington one looks, and wonders, and wishes—wishes that our amiable and seemingly fallible forefathers had placed the capital of America in America, and not laid it away, hidden almost, and rocked in the lap of a laughing demon of Climate.

SILEX.

## LETTERS FROM A DISTANCE: XII.

MY TENT, SOUTH AFRICA, May, 1921.

I ENJOY being here, my excellent Eusebius, because I really intended to go to India and China and I am learning that it is much better to do what one never expects to do. If I had gone to India I should probably not have seen India at all but only my own theories, and I should most unscrupulously have eliminated all the evidence that went to disprove what I said about India a couple of years ago. Everybody does that. Colonel Wedgwood goes to India and sees nothing but Gandhi: the Duke of Connaught goes to India and sees nothing but frenzied enthusiasm for the Royal Family: I should go



to India and look for confirmation of mystical experience. Here, however, I look for nothing definite except the pleasure of being alive and I find that in abundance, and more than that I find abundant leisure in which to imagine methods by which to intensify and subtilize that pleasure. It is good to live among a people of whose language I can make nothing beyond the words for "bring," "fetch," "come," "go," "water," "work" and "money," and better still, a people who have the courage of the pleasure of being alive. That seems to me to be the beginning of all wisdom, because you can not have a theory about it, and you can not make deductions from it. It is or it is not. If it is, there is nothing to be said about it, if it is not, then its absence is worth thinking out, just as when you find yourself in serious trouble it is worth while thinking out what you have done to bring it about.

Life, like art, is very largely a matter of technique, and technique can only be acquired painfully and slowly. One ought to be able to live admirably without thinking about it, just as a carpenter, without thinking, planes down a piece of wood. He can do it because he has gone on doing it until his hand with a plane in it moves as easily as mine does when I wipe my nose, an operation that, when I was a small boy, had its difficulties. The carpenter has his technique for wood, I mine for my nose, but neither of us has a technique for life: he gets drunk to drown his discomfort and I write to try to get rid of mine. Neither of us is to blame, except in so far as we chose the wrong time to be born. My stern and religious ancestors had a technique, but my grandfather and my father had none, because the technique of their grandfathers and fathers was of no use to them, and every one in their time was dazzled by the technique of money-making which is ridiculously simple. You only have to save, or borrow, or steal a few dollars and then avoid spending them. Anyone can learn that in a week or two, and as far as I can make out, everybody between about 1850 and 1914 did learn it and nothing else, and so when it came to living all they could do was to save, borrow, or steal a little, live, and avoid spending it. This technique worked with money, and three generations have wasted themselves in trying to force it to work with life, which is as though the carpenter were trying to plane a bar of steel, and I were trying to comb my hair with my handkerchief. It is no use blaming life because it does not respond to a commercial technique: life is not a commercial concern. If you spend money it is gone: if you spend life to the uttermost farthing it is increased, not only an hundredfold, but inestimably; and astonishingly, your mistakes turn out to be more profitable than your triumphs simply because they do more to improve your technique and no one ever allows enough for the element of luck in his successes—I mean real successes, achievements, not merely those efforts which have won most applause.

Now, as I see it there is no point whatever in life except perpetual improvement of technique, and my quarrel with the good people who at Versailles or elsewhere have to make far-reaching decisions is that they show no signs either of technique or of perception of the need of it. They deal with life as though it were money, and make arrangements which can not stand the strain even of such half-lived life as, in the absence of technique, is all that goes on in Europe and America. The arrangements crash, and the good people who made them blame the Bolsheviks who are themselves playing the same game, making arrangements which crash and blaming the bloated capitalist. Both must be wrong because they devote so much of their energy to blaming some one else: and most strangely the Bolsheviks do not accuse the capitalist of having no technique of life—his real offence—but of having a bad commercial technique, which is like denouncing a murderer not for taking life but for doing it clumsily. They would hang Bill Sikes, not for murdering Nancy, but for doing it with a club; mere hypercriticism, and making it, they drift into the muddle that Europe has been in these three generations.

Perhaps it is inevitable, perhaps the only way to learn a technique, men and women being incurably lazy, is to drift into an intolerable muddle which in the end presents the sharp alternative, technique or insanity. That is really the alternative before the civilized world: the issue raised between capitalism and bolshevism is false and it should be made a punishable offence to raise or to discuss it. The word democracy should be banished from the language for ten years and with it should go socialism, communism, syndicalism—ah! if we could only get back for a few years to the language of the Bible! What an immense advance could be made in a week if it could be made clear that the old estates of the realm have disappeared and that in their stead have appeared Banks, Chamber of Commerce, and Trade Unions: much the same thing under another name. The trouble is that King, Lords and Commons—or President, State and Congress—having for a very long time had no solid function to perform, have atrophied into a horde of parasites who have taken refuge in the bureaucracies which call themselves governments.

Indeed, looked at from this angle, it seems much more likely that the declaration of war in August, 1914 was a last desperate effort on the part of the bureaucrats in Germany to dish Ballin, Stinnes and Friedlander, Fuld and Thyssen than an attempt to wreck Europe. The issue was clearer in Germany than anywhere else and the explosion came there first. It is most confused in America where the All-Highest is called a President and is elected by the people, but unless it is recognized in America too that the character of the estates of the realm has changed the bureaucrats there too will in desperation produce a convulsion. What else can they do? They are drawing salaries from the community in which they have no function. They must pretend to be busy, make laws, administer them, and when in the inevitable result they have roused the community to a frenzy of irritation, the only thing they can do is to call out the army and navy and give that frenzy a vent. People accept the burden of armies and navies because they can not imagine any other outlet for their irritation, to which they have grown so accustomed that they do not even imagine the possibility of stopping it, and actually dread its being removed. If they lost the irritation of living under outworn institutions they would have room, and time in which to think, an exercise to which they are unaccustomed. That they dread; exasperation keeps them from being altogether bored; if it ceased they fancy they would be bored to death. Their condition is hypochondriac.

*Que faire?* When a hypochondriac sends for a doctor, the doctor takes his money and reckons it up in his assured income. The one thing he must not do is to suggest to his patient the possibility of his getting well; if he does so, another doctor will be called in. I am not at all sure that of all the great communities America is not the most hypochondriacal, and that I am simply risking my income in suggesting that it is possible to get well. (Still, if a writer can not afford to risk his income, who can? Very few can start business again so easily and with so little outlay.) However, while America has all my sympathy I am a European, and I know that Europe depends on America's getting well as quickly as possible.

I imagine too, that America will evolve the technique necessary for living under the new conditions: I don't mean America as a political entity but the Americans who are America. The fundamental, the irresistibly strong loyalty by which men find their social health is loyalty not to an idea but to a rhythm, and America is a rhythm. It is over a year since I left America but I can not, even if I wished to, forget the rhythm that caught me up, gave a tune and a time and a beat to my nerves, fine-drawn and fretted as they were with the outworn and decadent intellectualism and idealism of Europe, swung me through or over difficulties that had seemed insuperable, and gave me a sense not so much of solidarity as



of the possibility of it. This rhythm is not crude or raw, but is most subtle, the subtlest form I have yet encountered. Those Americans who make the most noise, who most pride themselves on being American and are prepared to damn everything else on earth, are the least expressive of it. They catch the beat, but not the tune or the time of it, and so strong is it that they are spun away from it like stones from a flying wheel. The response to it is sub-conscious, bringing a great elation in the Americans because they have created it. When it becomes conscious, as at any moment a great movement towards justice or liberty might make it, then the Americans will become such a living force as has not yet been seen on the earth: they will not, as peoples have been in the past, struggle desperately towards an ideal, but responding loyally and genially to the rhythm of their own vitality they will march irresistibly towards a reality.

Intelligent Americans always have a hankering after European intellectualism and are apt to regard a European who sees any good in America as a renegade. I risk their disapproval also because I am convinced, after a year's wrestling with the problem, that one of the deepest and most far-reaching changes that has come about in this generation is the sudden development of the human intellect into an effective practical instrument, so that it can deal with more than conjecture and deduction. It has become extricated from intuition, whose servant it has become. It can pare away wrapper after wrapper of illusion and habitual disguise until the reality of every object can be seen pulsing through the membrane of the actual and the visible, and with the perception of this livingness the faculty of divination can come into play.

I can only proceed by hints. Statement of any deep and sensitive thought is false, too sharp and sudden for the thought to be imparted in it. Good writing, again, is a rhythm. What the reader reads is not this or that statement but the beat, the time and the tune of the writer's being, the rhythm of it tracing a graph which the reader, fascinated, must follow. Kit Marlowe knew what he was talking about when he said that the New Testament was vilely writ. He looked for a rhythm, found it not, and did not care a dramatist's curse for the splendid story or the mystical truth contained in it; and it is so. Whatever is ill written must do more harm than good, for it is only through rhythm that anything can be communicated, and the most vital truth stated and not communicated does infinitely more harm than the meanest lie. It is in life as it is in art, and technique is a matter of loyalty to a rhythm, and thereby hangs more than I have at the moment either time or inclination to deal with at present.

The setting sun is striking over my hill upon the mountain opposite, turning its top into a jewel descended from the sky upon the dull green beneath. . . . I know now why I stay here. It is because here I can catch the rhythm of nature more powerfully than in any place I have yet lived in, and until I have had my fill of it I shall not move on to places where it is fainter.

GILBERT CANNAN.

## MISCELLANY.

My advice to American readers of English newspapers is, don't despise the Court Circular. You can always find it in the morning papers next to the editorial page. Kings and queens probably are not long for this world, and you will find the daily account of their doings edifying always and sometimes instructive in ways you least anticipate. Thus only yesterday I found myself jolted into a long train of quite unexpected reflections when I perused the following choice morsel: "The Queen, accompanied by the Princess Mary, and attended by Mr. Harry Verney, drove . . . to the Chelsea Barracks . . . and visited some of the married quarters of the Warrant and Non-commissioned Officers and Guardsmen of the Brigade of Guards." All day that item teased me pleasantly like a text; it set me muttering to myself about the slow evolu-

tion of the decencies in the modern army. For there was a day, and not so very long ago, when a discreet court-official would have thought twice about taking the Queen of England to visit the "married quarters" of a British garrison. Indeed, one of the many curiosities of English army-administration—and that of the United States as well—has been the fact that although definitely committed, by the temper of the people, to the idea of a small professional volunteer army (as contrasted with the conscript armies of Russia, France and Germany), the army-administration has been stubbornly unwilling to make conditions really attractive to a volunteer personnel. This has been reflected, among other things, in their curious reluctance to provide adequate facilities for normal married existence for the rank and file.

APPARENTLY the earliest reference in English military records to this subject goes back to 1816, to a "warrant" issued in that year providing for a "civil comptroller" for the "Barrack Department" and laying down certain regulations. There you find the married soldier's wife just barely tolerated: "The comptroller of the barrack-department may, if he sees fit and when it in no shape interferes with or straitens the accommodations of the men, permit (as an occasional indulgence and as tending to promote cleanliness and the convenience of the soldier), four married women per troop or company of sixty men, and six married women per troop or company of 100 men, to be resident within the barracks; but no one article shall be furnished on this account by the barrack-masters upon any consideration whatever. And if the barrack-masters perceive that any mischief or any damage arises from such indulgence, the commanding officer shall, on their representation, displace such women. Nor shall any dogs be suffered to be kept in the rooms of any barracks or hospital."

THEY did things vastly better in Germany in those days. Old Frederick William, scouring all the little German States and even the British Isles as well, for six-foot recruits for his famous Potsdam Guards, encouraged those husky fellows to take wives to themselves and to settle down into normal family life in the military suburb of Berlin. Carlyle in his "Frederick the Great" gives us a pleasant description of "the neat little dwelling houses" which "the married giants" had near the palace. When Germany abandoned the eighteenth-century type of professional army and went in for universal conscription, she was careful to retain for the core of professional soldiers and non-commissioned officers in her new system, precisely the same domestic privileges as those that had been enjoyed by the earlier army. That is why the German who wanted to settle down to the job of being a professional soldier has always been encouraged to do so under conditions as nearly normal as barrack-life permitted.

BUT in England the grudging toleration of 1816 was only slowly expanded. Indeed, the Barrack Commission appointed in 1857 to investigate conditions turned up a scandalous situation. The Commission found that in many of the barracks there were no separate quarters whatever for the married couples. They reported instances in which the beds of the married pairs were in the men's barrack-rooms without even a screen to separate them, which shows us something of what the English army-authorities thought of the enlisted man and the kind of woman they thought the enlisted man was likely to marry. This was in 1857, long after the army had been "reformed" by the abolition of flogging. The Commission also discovered numerous other cases in which the married people had been placed together in a barrack-room of their own, with blankets hung on cords as screens between the families. Shocked at such callousness, the Commission insisted that separate accommodations should be allotted to the married soldiers and



their families. At first this consisted of a single room for each couple, but since then conditions have steadily improved until now the Queen may inspect, as "the married quarters," fairly homelike cottages which leave little to be desired.

In our own United States Army the trouble has been a subtler one. In general, enlisted men have been encouraged to take their wives to army-posts, but Major J. E. Runcie, formerly librarian at West Point, testifying two years ago before a Senate sub-committee on the question of "caste" in the American army, suggested that these amiable concessions were prompted chiefly by the desire of the officers and their wives to have women servants about the place. Most of our army-posts, he pointed out, are located far from the large cities; servants are scarce; and therefore the wives and daughters of the enlisted men find ready occupation as laundresses and waitresses. But says Major Runcie: "The soldier whose wife is the post-laundress and whose daughter is a waitress finds himself looked upon as one of the menial class rather than of a military class. That is, it has come to be regarded that the officer is one kind of man and the enlisted man is another kind of man; that the difference is one of class, not merely of position as it ought to be." By way of illustration, Major Runcie told the senators an extraordinary story of the experience of an American Red-Cross worker during the war who was sent to a certain army-post to instruct the women in making bandages. The wives and daughters of the officers promptly enrolled for instruction, whereupon the wives of the enlisted men also begged permission to join the class. According to Major Runcie, the officers' wives immediately served notice on the instructor that if the wives of the enlisted men were admitted to the class, they themselves would feel obliged to withdraw. The wives of the "common soldiers" were thereupon excluded!

BUT how many lessons on this point do we need? The volume of testimony available regarding the caste-system in the American army is tremendous. But it is all scattered. It is to be regretted that neither in America nor in England have the experiences of the war yet resulted in a thorough civilian investigation of the social conditions prevailing in the professional armies of these two countries. Both countries are now permitting their professional armies to masquerade as "universities" in order to lure boys into the ranks on the promise to furnish them free education. It is true that both the American and British army-authorities have overhauled a little the archaic court-martial systems hitherto prevailing, but as any articulate enlisted man in the peace-time establishment will tell you, that is only part of the story. What sort of life, *qua* life, are the soldiers compelled to live while they are getting this education? Partly for their sakes, but chiefly for ours, the whole question ought to be thoroughly ventilated. Now is the time to put on the witness-stand those eminent martinets who believe, in their hearts, that an army can be run only by snobs!

JOURNEYMAN

## MUSIC.

### IMPRESSIONS OF ITALIAN MUSIC: II.

QUITE a different type of man from either Casella or Malipiero is Ildebrando Pizzetti, born in Parma in 1880 and frequently signing himself (it is said on the suggestion of his friend d'Annunzio) "Ildebrando of Parma," but now director of the Conservatory at Florence, and one of the most respected and influential personalities of the young Italian school. Less passionate and less restlessly imaginative than Malipiero, Pizzetti has none of his savage harshness or his pictorial realism. While free and strongly individual in style he is in no sense a radical, and has even been

called by some a "*passéiste*." Again, while he is a man of keen critical intelligence, the author of a closely reasoned volume of essays, "*Musicisti Contemporanei*," and the contributor of incisive criticism to the *Nazione* of Florence, his approach to music is not so purely intellectual as that of Casella. One feels that in Pizzetti sensibility dominates intellect, and that he is more preoccupied with expression than with style. He is a quiet man, wholly without pretentiousness, an insatiable worker. Physically he is small and dark, with a fascinating smile as of a friendly child.

Pizzetti is essentially a dramatic composer. His pieces for the stage, "*La Nave*," "*Pisanella*," and "*Fedra*," to texts by d'Annunzio, and the as yet unfinished "*Debora*," on a text of his own (based upon the Biblical story), are qualitatively as well as quantitatively the nucleus of all his work. In his choral and vocal music not intended for the stage, the qualities that particularly strike one are truth of characterization and rapidity and unembarrassed directness of movement as, for instance, in the choruses "*Per un Morto*" and "*La Rondine*," or in the set of five songs for solo voice of which perhaps the most beautiful are "*I Pastori*" and "*Passaggiata*." "*I Pastori*," in particular, is a little masterpiece of exact justice in declamation, of severe economy in accompaniment, the piano part being always confined to what is strictly necessary to comment and support the text. But a conception we willingly see extended from stage music to song and to chorus may arouse some doubt when applied also to pure orchestral and even to chamber music, as Pizzetti has applied it in the Prelude to "*Pisanella*" and in the fine violin sonata, played so widely in the last two years and made known to New York last fall by Miss Parlow and Mr. Brockway.

In his analytical article on the sonata,<sup>1</sup> Castelnuovo finds in it the drama of the war, and says that it sums up our epoch as Tolstoy's "*War and Peace*" sums up the period of Napoleon. "The first movement," he says, "marked *Tempestoso*, is the hurricane of agony which surprises and submerges all things, all creatures. Not a ray of light, not a sign of hope; only from time to time rises from the weary souls a sad and resigned murmur [the secondary melody for the violin] like a prayer hardly articulated." He goes on to tell how painfully the unrelieved gloom of this movement affected him when he first heard it. "It seemed to me that an artist like Pizzetti ought to have said, in such sad circumstances, a word more consoling, more serene, for the good of poor suffering humanity. I confessed this humbly to the master. 'Wait, see what follows,' he answered me simply, with his sweet smile and his confident regard."

And then [continues Castelnuovo], comes the 'Prayer for the Innocent' ["*Preghiera per gl' Innocenti*," the second movement of the sonata]. That prayer which before was hardly murmured, here rises and expands itself, secure. And for all who do not know how to pray, this pure and palpitating voice sings. . . . It is not only a sublime musical poem, it is a divine evangel of love. And finally, after so much death and destruction, a new palpitation of life arises. It rises 'vivo e fresco' [the third and last movement of the sonata], living and fresh, as the spring rises and blooms after the winter desolation. Man does not forget his past pain; but from the sad record leaps up, ever living, the word of faith, and makes gayer and more beautiful the feast of spring.

Now so vivid is Pizzetti's characterization of the moods thus poetically paraphrased in his disciple's account (which I have much abbreviated), that its rhetoric hardly seems inflated when we hear the whirling

<sup>1</sup> "*Musicisti Contemporanei*." Ildebrando Pizzetti. Milan: Fratelli Treves.

<sup>2</sup> "*La Sonata per Violino e Pianoforte di J. Pizzetti*." Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco. Turin: *Il Pianoforte* for July, 1920.



rush of the main theme for the piano, the poignant cries of the violin described as the "murmured prayers," the earnest and aspiring melody of the "Preghiera per gl' Innocenti," and the elastic rhythmic vigour of the finale. Each mood as it comes is rendered with astonishing emotional truth: if that were all, Pizzetti's dramatic conception of chamber music would gloriously justify itself. But when Castelnuovo tells us that the Pizzetti sonata is the third finest in existence, coming directly after the Kreutzer of Beethoven and the César Franck, we perforce think of such a sonata as Brahms's in D minor, and ask ourselves where, in all this ebb and flow of diverse emotions, is such a sense of relation and direction, of growth and ripening, as that which in the Brahms, makes poignancy of emotion the handmaid of beauty and power. Tried by such a touchstone, Pizzetti's themes seem a little static and limited: the melody of the "murmured prayer" of the violin, for example, is almost a formula, endlessly repeated but powerless to break the confines of its mould and soar into ever-widening song as Brahms's tunes so often do. In the finale there is a climax, twice prepared with so much impressiveness that we expect some great expansion of mood to follow: each time we get instead a rather limited, almost banal bit of melody, a musical Samson shorn of its hair and powerless. In short, while Pizzetti shows in this work a high degree of the characterizing power of the born dramatist—so high a degree indeed that one must agree in giving it a place among the masterpieces of its kind—he falls short, as dramatists will, in that synthesis of mood and atmosphere, that largeness of development, that scope and breadth of structure, which is no less vital to what is best in chamber music. Highly gifted as he is in sensibility and imagination, he seems, like most of his contemporaries, to lack that ultimate concentration, that domination and unification of his own thought, which alone can bind together fugitive impressions and transfigure them into a work of art. This quality is becoming nowadays as rare in music as in literature; we have dozens of impressionists, of short-story writers, but who can now give a novel the pellucid unity that, for example, Meredith gave "The Egoist"?

A passage in Pizzetti's essay on Debussy, in his volume "Musicisti Contemporanei," already mentioned, is pertinent here as seeming to indicate that his championship of the impressionistic method is in no wise due to a deficiency of lyrical power, but is conscious and voluntary.

It is clear, at least to me [he says], that music has no rights except not to be forced to express what it can not express, as, for instance, conceits, abstractions. But the composers of theatrical works, the melodramatists, the melodists, have recognized another right: a right of unlimited expansion, or of expansion limited only according to the greater or less vehemence and continuity of their inspiration. They do not know how to put themselves into the drama, to relive it . . . and they are, therefore, never aware that their supposed expression of it is simply the expression of sentiment, generated, to be sure, by the drama, but remaining outside of it. They are never aware, the melodramatists, that works like theirs, in which are respected the rights of music, are never, however rich in beautiful things and in moving melodies, really dramas—that is to say, actions—but are expressions of dramatic impressions, that is to say, fruits of passive reflection. . . . 'Pelleas et Mélisande' is a drama in which the content of sentiment, of humanity, is subordinated to the content of perceptions: hence, a music extraordinarily rich in colours, in half-shades, in sonorities marvellously evocative, but also extraordinarily poor in vibrations of sentiment.

The distinction Pizzetti here makes between action as the specifically dramatic element in music and "ex-

pansiveness" or "passive reflection" as the lyric element, could hardly be brought out more sharply; nor does he leave us in any doubt as to which element his own temperament instinctively prefers. Yet the questions, of course, still remain, whether "action" is as vital to a sonata as to a stage presentation, and whether chamber music can ever afford to be "poor in vibrations of sentiment."

For all Castelnuovo's youth (he is only twenty-five), I am inclined to think he may turn out to have as much architectonic power, a natural associate of lyric feeling, as any of the primarily dramatic composers, if not more. It is interesting also that he has already had a period of wild oats, of eccentricities and extravagances, and come through it to a more mature simplicity. His much-talked-of piano piece, "Il Raggio Verde" ("The Green Ray"—referring to an astral ray of light supposed to appear at the last moment of sunset), despite a youthful beauty which breathes through it, is marred by needless whims of style. There are similar perversities, particularly of harmony, in two extraordinarily witty sets of songs or dramatic sketches: "Coplas," on Spanish popular poetry, and "Stella Cadenti" on similar Tuscan texts. As declamation, as characterization, these short sketches are astonishingly vigorous and original; as music, they are almost always elusive and frequently empty. It is in his more recent work and, above all, in a number of piano pieces, "Cantico," "Alghi," "I Naviganti" and "Cipressi," and in three yet unpublished songs to Shakespearean texts, that Castelnuovo has discovered his richest and most distinguished vein. Here his harmonic and other perversities are well left behind, and he is master of a style which makes no parade of complexity but always goes as directly as possible to what it wants to say.

To this arrival at the simplicity of the sincerely expressive artist, I imagine Castelnuovo has been helped by both the counsel and the example of Pizzetti, who has not been afraid to be called a "passatista" by those who, as the Italian critic Gatti well puts it,<sup>1</sup> "fancy that Debussy is modern simply because he uses certain strange chords, or that Schoenberg is less useless and decrepit in substance because of his cerebral alchemy." Pizzetti and Castelnuovo, both more the sensitive and creative than the intellectual and critical type, are too intent on expressing something to bother much about ultra modernism of style. In this respect they struck me as more wholesome influences for the study of Americans than their Roman colleagues. Castelnuovo told me, for instance, that in the matter of harmony he used any combination that he felt the expressive need of: whole-tone scale groups here, perhaps, but there quite simple triads. His "Alghi" is almost as simple as MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," while "I Naviganti" is unashamedly in a recognizable tonality, the key of C Major, used in a way that is never commonplace. As for rhythm, he finds congenial neither a rigid series of "phrases carrées" as in our popular songs, nor an elaborate distortion of measure à la Mr. Cyril Scott. While cadences should never fall with mechanical regularity, "when a cadence is due it is not honest," he said quaintly, "to evade it as do composers afraid of seeming banal." In short, rhythm seems to him simply a natural ebb and flow of energy—"a respiration." Similarly flexible is his form, logical and sequacious without being predetermined and therefore obvious or mechanical. In "Cipressi," for instance, perhaps the most beautiful of all these pieces, one or

<sup>1</sup> "Musicisti Moderni d'Italia e di Fuori." Guido M. Gatti. Bologna: Pizzi and Company.



two motives freely germinate phrases and sections, which follow each other naturally and as it were inevitably by inner necessity, yet with the spontaneity of effect of an improvisation.

But it is above all by the beauty and warmth of the feeling in these pieces, by their "richness in vibrations of sentiment," as Pizzetti might say, that they win our interest. They are not, like so much modern music, dramatic and pictorial, they are lyrical and subjective. To play them is to live through a beautiful experience, meditatively, deliberately. When I asked Castelnuovo why he had not explained their titles to the public as he did to me in playing them, he replied that he did not consider the titles anything but suggestions of mood; and indeed the pieces are in no sense programme music. "I Navaganti," for example, was suggested, he told me, by the bas-relief on the campanile of Giotto showing two rowers in a boat, alone on the sea. But what this suggested to him was no detailed story, but the sense of human wanderings on uncharted seas, which a sensitive poetic mind would naturally dwell upon. In the same way, "Cipressi" reflects simply the mystery and melancholy that these trees may arouse in a sympathetic onlooker. Castelnuovo has undoubtedly certain dangerous defects. He writes too easily, too much, and too uncritically. But he has already conquered the extravagance of his youthful style, and he may be able, if he is not spoiled by the admiration with which he is surrounded in Florence, to conquer also his own facility. It will be worth the effort, for in pure lyrical ardour and sense of beauty he is as highly endowed as any of the Italians who are making so individual a contribution to European music.

One ends, as one began, one's study of present-day Italian composers with the sense that Casella is right in saying that there are two kinds of nationalism: the literal, superficial nationalism of the Mascagnis and the Puccinis, of Venetian boat-songs and Neapolitan serenades, and the subtler, more difficultly recognizable but infinitely more vital nationalism of a freer working out of native temperament, such as, for all their differences, unites Casella, Malipiero, Pizzetti, and Castelnuovo in one of the most significant of modern groups. The distinction has its validity too, one feels, for us Americans. "Americanism" escapes the ragtimer as Italianism eludes the manufacturer of barcaroles. But a temperament alert, nervous, and humorous, such as our Western climate breeds, will write music differing significantly, especially by its rhythmic verde, from that of a more phlegmatic, languid, philosophical, or passionate race, while sharing with it haply a largeness, a universality of appeal, a wide beauty, for ever denied to the chauvinists of all countries.

DANIEL GREGORY MASON.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

### THE AGRARIAN REVOLUTION IN EUROPE.

SIRS: Mr. Alfred Baker Lewis's article "Labour's Lot Under The Treaty," in your issue of 13 July, which exposes so clearly the fundamental causes of the failure of the peace treaty to improve the lot of the industrial worker, makes me wish that Mr. Lewis could be persuaded to estimate in another paper the effect of the war and the treaty on the fortunes of the agricultural proletariat and the small landholder.

A cursory reading of several articles on the subject of agrarian reform since the war, which are listed in the Agricultural Index, gives the impression that a considerable improvement in the condition of farm-labour and small freeholders may have been effected in every country of Eastern and Central Europe, excepting Poland, Prussia and Hungary. On paper,

at least, there seem to have been quite radical changes in the system of land-tenure in Lithuania, Esthonia, Latvia, Rumania, Greece, Czecho-Slovakia, Jugoslavia and Bulgaria—and, of course, in Soviet Russia and the Ukraine. But there is no information listed in the periodical indices with regard to agrarian reform in Poland, Prussia or Hungary.

In fact, Poland seems to be a perfect example of the partnership between imperialism and land-monopoly, that Mr. Lewis describes. M. Charles Seignobos, professor of history in the Sorbonne, writing on the agrarian revolution in Europe since the war, says:

... the landlords in alliance with the clergy led the opposition against all foreign Governments . . . and by their championship of nationalism acquired an influence over the people which they are using to-day in order to defend their social pre-eminence and their large estates against all revolutionary tendencies . . . Galicia and Posnania, where the big Polish landlords, spared or even favoured by the Austrian or German courts and imperial administrations, had become political leaders, remain the two great strongholds of landed aristocracy in Europe. . . . In order to divert the cupidity of the Polish peasants from their own large estates, the Polish landlords are trying to extend their political domination over neighbouring countries where they hope to find land for colonization. This is the personal, economic motive which underlies the patriotic agitation for the annexation of all the provinces which were formerly dependencies of the Grand Duchy of Lithuania, and where the nobility have remained Polonized—Lithuania, White Russia, Western Ukraine and the Ruthenian (Ukrainian) districts of Galicia.

Only in the case of the Baltic Provinces and Czecho-Slovakia, and there only incidentally, has the active support of the Allies been given to States that have attempted a thoroughgoing reform in land-tenure. British policy, commercial and naval, has favoured the new Baltic Republics, and British and French policy has been friendly towards Czecho-Slovakia; but probably in neither case has this friendly attitude been assumed because of the promise of stability that economic reorganization on the basis of a prosperous husbandry can give. Moreover, as doubtful neighbours of these new States there are the stillborn peasant Republic of the Ukraine and the reborn Empire of Poland with its neo-feudalism masquerading under republican forms, melancholy proofs that European statesmen have not yet begun to consult fundamental economic reality. I am, etc.,

EDWARD TOWNSEND BOOTH.

*Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.*

### QUI S'EXCUSE, S'ACCUSE.

SIRS: I was delighted to see your neat exposure of ex-President Poincaré's recent attempt to re-hash for the benefit of the American public some of the stale fictions of French war-propaganda. Your editorial, "The Pot and the Kettle" (in your issue of 27 July) hits the nail on the head in the direct and vigorous style which is one of the most satisfying qualities of your paper.

Apropos M. Poincaré's curious reading of recent European history, I wonder if you have noticed that M. Paléologue, who was the French ambassador in Petrograd at the outbreak of the war, has been publishing his reminiscences lately in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. M. Paléologue's desire seems to have been, like M. Poincaré's, to remove the impression which has got abroad, since the publication of the secret treaties and the Russian diplomatic documents, that France and Russia acted in concert during the decade before the war. I venture to think that M. Paléologue's explanations will deceive no attentive student of foreign affairs. Indeed to give the gentleman his due, his remarks are not intended for the *cognoscenti*; rather they are for the dull-witted victims of the war-propagandist—hence, I suppose, their serial publication in our American journals. So far as I know no one has so completely destroyed M. Paléologue's case as Dr. Josef L. Kunz of Vienna, who, in a letter to the *London Nation* says:

I will but point out two distinctly and demonstrably incorrect statements of M. Paléologue. He writes (p. 257) under the date of 29 July, 1914, that 'yesterday' (i.e., 28 July) Austria-Hungary ordered a general mobilization. As a matter of common knowledge, this general mobilization was not ordered till the afternoon of 31 July, posterior to the Russian mobilization, whilst on 28 July, Austria-Hungary had mobilized only eight army corps against Serbia. The Russian, not the Austro-Hungarian, general mobilization came first.

M. Paléologue also writes that, whilst the Tsar gave the order of mobilization on 30 July, 4 p. m., he (Paléologue) received only at 6 p. m. a telegram signed by M. Viviani saying that France had decided to fulfill all her obligations under the alliance. As a matter of fact, this French promise preceded, not followed, the Russian mobilization. We know from the Russian Orange Book (No. 58) that Sazonov already on 29 July (one day before the Russian mobilization order) had given to Isvolsky the telegraphic order '*d'exprimer au Gouvernement Française notre sincère reconnaissance pour la déclaration que l'Ambassadeur de France (the same identical Paléologue) m'a faite en son nom en disant que nous pouvons compter entièrement sur l'appui de notre alliée, la France.*' In other words, the French promise of sup-



port was one of the conditions of the Russian mobilization. As Sazonov said to Paléologue and Buchanan (English Blue Book No. 17): *'Si la Russie se sent assurée de l'appui de la France, elle ne reculera pas devant les risques de la guerre.'* The French promise of support, again, was dependent on British support. Now, on 20 July, Grey told Cambon of his intention to declare to Lichnowsky that England would intervene in a war wherein France and Germany would take part. And this British promise, reported the Belgian Minister in St. Petersburg, de l'Escaille, to his Government (German White Book, Chapter 4), was of the greatest effect in Russia; *'Cet appui est d'un poids énorme et n'a pas peu contribué à donner la haute main au parti de la guerre.'*

So much as to M. Paléologue's statements. But M. Paléologue has unconsciously characterized himself and thus contributed materially towards a solution of the question of guilt. Already on 24 July, he said to Sazonov: *'Isvolsky et moi, nous concluons de même; cette fois c'est la guerre.'* On 21 July Poincaré told him: *'Il faut que Sazonov soit ferme et que nous le soutenions.'* As early as 22 July (that is to say, before the handing in of the Austrian note in Belgrade) the two daughters of the King of Montenegro, who were Russian grand duchesses, told Paléologue with joy: *'La guerre va éclater! Il ne restera plus rien de l'Autriche! Vous reprendrez l'Alsace et la Lorraine. Nos armes se rejoindront à Berlin; l'Allemagne sera détruite.'*

Such clumsy perversions of historical facts are enough to make one wonder what has become of the great French mind which upon a time was reputed to be the finest in Europe for logic, precision and, above all, for persistent courage in facing facts, however ugly they might be. French politicians, of course, as a class, have never shared these great qualities with their compatriots in science, philosophy and the creative arts. French politicians differ little from those of other countries, being as much as any, sheer victims of the vicious political system. They have, however, at least enough intelligence to know when they are calling black white, and when they are trying to make two and two equal five. They must also know when they are suppressing facts that would, if known, demolish their case. Hence one can only wonder at the child-like simplicity of M.M. Poincaré and Paléologue. I am, etc.,

R. C.

#### "BEAUTY AND THE PICTURESQUE."

SIRS: It is puzzling to know how to begin a protest against Mr. Lewis Mumford's "Beauty and the Picturesque" which appears in your issue for 13 July. It is like some of the questions which my children ask, requiring a history of the world from the beginning, and to which I reply, "Wait until you grow up and you will understand." Mr. Mumford does, however, hurt the artist's feelings, for the artist wishes above all to share his emotions with others, to have them say: "Yes, I see. It is beautiful what you have done and it gives me pleasure."

The artist believes that beauty is a state (See Coomaraswamy, *Dance of Siva*), a beautiful picture, a perception of reality by the painter, a poem, a perception of reality by the poet, etc.

The picturesque is something capable of being made a picture which may or may not contain an emotion of beauty. It is rather an awkward word, with a present-day connotation of accidental, unexpected, disordered, even bizarre, and it is going out of use. I should say the word had its greatest vogue during the romantic protest against academic classicism following Poussin.

It is astonishing to hear your contributor say: "Up to the time of this discovery the great paintings of the Western World were little more than illustrations to that 'outline of history' which Christian theology had provided." No artist thinks that, and every artist sees in these pictures the highest attainment of emotional expression. Nor does the artist see in these pictures any essential difference in content or aim from the pictures of to-day, even those of Cézanne. The aim was then as in Egypt, Assyria, Greece, and in the modern world, "to stimulate visual ecstasy," if that, as I judge, means to give the beholder a sensation of beauty.

Mr. Mumford is right when he says "aesthetic rapture is not dependent upon the sober virtues of manual craftsmanship or factual observation, nor yet upon the inherent beauty of the subject itself." Here perhaps is the key to the matter. Beauty is not truth or use or virtue, nor has it anything to do with religion or ethics or sociology or science. The artist has no quarrel with any of these things, has no desire to make them artistic. Why then should a Puritan try to make art useful or truthful or virtuous? Why, when the artist has so little to say to the scientist, should the scientist always be bothering him with his theories of use and truth? Can he not be let alone?

What the community usually understands by beauty is something which delights the senses and whets the appetite, but the artist sees beauty in things which have no appeal to appetites

or the sense of utility or value. Beauty is absolutely distinct from use, though a useful thing may be beautiful. It is not, however, beautiful because of its perfect adaptation to its use. Is my razor or comb beautiful? They are perfectly adapted to their use. The Parthenon is beautiful; is or was it useful? We do not know.

There is, the artist believes, something in a work of art which escapes the ordinary observer, unless he, too, be an artist and in seeing the work re-creates the work and hence the emotional state which produced it. He who fails to re-create the work sees in it utility or virtue or truth to nature, and is absorbed by the materials or the method of its production; becomes, in short, an admirer of technique. There is no virtue in technique or the house-painter and the stone-cutter would be among the great. If Ryder and Cézanne convey their perception of beauty to the beholder their technique is perfection. If another painter does not do so he might as well be a house-painter.

To translate Mr. Harold Bauer into terms of painting (*vide The Etude August, 1920*);

A painter who paints without expression is in reality expressing coldness, indifference or possibly ignorance, in the most unmistakable fashion. When a painter is criticized for faulty technique the reality appears to be that an emotional message which is sought to be given is delivered in an incomplete condition. Nothing can be expressed except by technique, and technique can not possibly be isolated, for at its dullest as at its most brilliant it must necessarily show the precise nature of the impulse which directs it.

Why then talk of technique which in Praxiteles, in Giotto, in Raphael, in Rembrandt, in Cézanne and in Ryder, shows only the precise nature of the impulse? Should we not rather talk of the impulse; of the emotion which the artist wishes to express?

Mr. Mumford obviously would have a pleasing environment; he hates ugliness and disorder; he would be always surrounded by agreeable neatness, by fitness of the object to its use, by a simplicity accentuated but not destroyed by decoration! To this sensuousness he would have the artist minister with chaste decoration, delicate bijouterie, sensuous sculpture or gardens. To this point of view I say emphatically, no! The artist refuses to be a boss-painter and a more intelligent sort of head gardener or interior decorator. Does Mr. Mumford never plunge into the delights of the sonnet, the lyric, the ode, to lose himself in the reality of life? I am, etc.,

NEW YORK CITY.

CHARLES DOWNING LAY.

P. S. I shall to-night read Whistler's "Ten O'Clock" again!

## BOOKS.

### A POET OF A NEW DEMOCRACY.

A LITTLE book<sup>1</sup> has just appeared in France, scarcely seventy-five pages in length; these pages, however, are among the few that tell the truth about the war. It is a truth that carries no historical revelation; nor is it the lyrical response of the single, exceptional soul, nor the cry of one class of men angrily attacking another class; it is the clear sound of a poet's voice rising from among millions of silent sufferers who have felt what he formulates.

The American reader knows of Charles Vildrac through Mr. Witter Bynner's excellent translations from the "Livre d'Amour," a pre-war book<sup>2</sup>; and last year, in Paris, the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier produced Vildrac's three-act play, "Le Paquebot Tenacity." Vildrac belongs to the same literary group as Georges Duhamel, Jules Romains, Luc Durtain, called the Unanimists (from Romains's "La Vie Unanime") for the reason that the members of this group draw their inspiration from the movements and feelings of collectivities rather than from the individual. It was in collaboration with Duhamel that Vildrac wrote in 1910 his "Notes on Poetical Technique" which helped to clarify the much-discussed free-verse issue in France. There is also a stimulating book of prose fragments, "Découvertes," and certain poems written since 1914 which appeared in the anthology of the "Sablier," called "The Poets against War," prefaced in 1920 by Romain

<sup>1</sup>"Chants du Désespéré." Charles Vildrac. Paris: La Nouvelle Revue Française.

<sup>2</sup>Published in *Contemporary Verse*, the *Dial*, the *Outlook*, etc.



Rolland. In his latest volume, "Chants du Désespéré," Charles Vildrac has not changed his ways or his beliefs. He goes along the same road: "The song that I sing to myself is a sad and gay song. The old sorrow smiles—and joy weeps there."

Many of those who lived through the war are dissatisfied with the books that tell only war-stories; they are impatient with most of the interpretations of the war and are angry at those who exploit it for the sake of one small political purpose or another. There are millions who remember its ever-recurrent features, the daily shedding of blood, the parting from friends, the waiting, the coming of news, the black veils of women, the young man's empty room in the parents' house. They are inconsolable; they go on living, with part of themselves belonging to despair. Despair does not dominate them, since they toil and play and love and laugh; but it lives by their side, and they will never know careless joy again. Something has killed it. "The War," as Vildrac says, "is still alive—and heavy in me, like a wound—that no one can heal."

That mood concerning war is the lasting one. It may sink a little into the background, but we know that there is no such thing as consolation. One has seen boys of twenty, sailors from Brittany who had just arrived at the Belgian front, torn open by a shell on the road to the trenches, and one knows that no stretch of years, no life of peaceful and happy activities can ever wipe out or dim the image that filled one's eyes that day—nor many another image on many other days.

As for the plain soldiers who endured the five years of waiting in dug-outs, marching on shell-battered roads, under rain, in mud—how many of them have wished, as does Vildrac in his "Chant d'un Fantassin," that he had been left outside the hard, pitiless currents of human turmoil, that he could be the blind man sitting on the steps of the church, or that he were living in the forsaken clearing he saw once in the thick of a wood, or that he had been "the first soldier who fell on the first day of the war"!

The "Village Elegy" telling of the peasant boy, Jean Ruet, who was killed in spite of all the life that was in him, the sombre poem called "Relève," the delicate "Intermède," none of them contains an expression of hatred. "I believe that I never was able to hate on my own account," says Vildrac. Yet his despair is so overwhelming that the conclusion of the "Village Elegy" strikes a final, fatal note, unequalled in any war-literature that I know.

We praise Vildrac because he does not drag down his poems to the level of political diatribes. Other writers who also hate war, and who describe its horrors with unsurpassed intensity, have ended by organizing some small group with a small weekly paper; a generous intention but without effectiveness. Vildrac has a higher authority in serving the same purpose, because he is free from such entanglements.

The great war-chiefs have no prestige with Vildrac. He is a pacifist in the full meaning of the term, and there were hundreds of thousands of such conscious pacifists as he among the men who served. They were stoic and inconsolable, thinking hard, hating war with their eyes wide open upon it. It must have been something else than cowardice that made them hold till the end: their attitude will always be puzzling both to the light-hearted patriot and to the amateur pacifist. The quiet robustness of the race was in Charles Vildrac before the war, and during the war, and it is there still.

He knows what is required to make a victory. A battle can be won on the field, through courage, skill and numbers, but "the true victory of the race lies in its beauty reaching out to the world." He sums up the long-disputed problem of "nationalism and literature" in such statements as this: "Art is local, like wine—and also, like a wine, it quenches the thirst of men from everywhere." This deep moral health of his excludes rancour. He resists the inspiration that comes from anger: "Anger is impure and sterile—it knows neither how to sing, nor how to weep—and does too much honour to that which provokes it. Its cry is not the cry that delivers."

To Vildrac, as to Walt Whitman, the inexhaustible resource is in friendship: "Ah, by what could our hearts have lived, during that long exile, if not by thee, Friendship! And on which sure, certain thing, if not on thee, could we found to-day our joy—our dangerous joy, our fragile joy?"

These are the concluding lines of the book. The "manly love of comrades," the male virtue, is the one that will bring back the long-forgotten joy. The master-gift of Vildrac is that warm, keen sense of human discovery. From Emile Verhaeren and from Whitman, the two chief precursors of this group of French poets, comes that sense which is neither abstract nor vague, but is as near and as present as the grasp of a hand. It makes selfish isolation impossible, at least at such a time as the present. "The hour has not come, to escape alone far away, carrying off the sacred flame."

Such poets as Vildrac, and they only, can reach and grasp the meaning of a new "democracy" (in the Whitmanian, not in the political sense of the word), and give it formulation. The world is now divided into the indifferent, the scheming, and those who are waiting for something they can not express. Few eyes are looking forward to what will happen when men from different countries outgrow their present fear of each other. This is a time for prophets. Among people too old or too young, those who do not serve and those who serve but one idea, the busy and the lazy and the millions who are both—among all these there are a few men with a grave, serene, ardent clairvoyance concerning the times in which we live. Charles Vildrac, the man and the poet, is one who saw the war and now tells us, in his calm voice: "The important thing is—not to become resigned."

PIERRE DE LANUX.

### THE PHILOSOPHER OF SEA-POWER.

THERE are many reasons why American citizens should welcome the life of Admiral Mahan<sup>1</sup> by Mr. Charles Carlisle Taylor, former British Vice-Consul at New York. Momentous questions, particularly with regard to naval armament, are soon to be determined, and many voices, English, German, and Irish, are calling upon the United States to adopt this or that expedient. In the babel of tongues, it is important to know whence cometh the secret wishes that choose the argument and shape the logic. The publication of Admiral Mahan's correspondence throws a great white light on corners that have long needed illumination, for no other man in the history of the American navy has wielded such a potent influence by his pen upon the form and philosophy of American defence at sea.

Alfred Thayer Mahan was born at West Point on the Hudson in 1840 and died in 1914. He was one-half Irish, one-quarter English, and one-quarter French-American. By the fortunes of matrimony he was brought up in the Protestant Episcopal Church instead of

<sup>1</sup>"The Life of Admiral Mahan." Charles Carlisle Taylor. New York: George H. Doran Company.



the Catholic fold, and by fate it was decreed, he thought, that the English strain should predominate over all the others in his nature. He was educated at Columbia College, in the days when it was a small Episcopalian institution, and at the United States Naval Academy. From the first, his interests were in the larger and more philosophical aspects of war rather than in the narrower technique of destruction. He did his turn at sea, but he was overjoyed when a call to teach at the Naval War College permitted him to devote himself to the study of the history of naval warfare in all its phases.

His voluminous works on the influence of the sea-power in history, and his numerous articles on that and related subjects were the fruits of many years of study and reflection. The thesis which he developed (1890-2) was, in brief, this: the sea-power has been one of the most potent factors in shaping the destiny of nations; it is the secret of England's supremacy; it was the instrument of her triumph over Napoleon; every country that would be great must give immense strength to this arm of defence. The practical conclusion which Mahan drew from this thesis was that the maintenance of the British navy constituted "one of the best hopes for the peace of the world," and that its strength would be our strength. At the same time, he believed that the United States should build a navy of great power.

This thesis, put forward with undoubted cogency and buttressed by much learning, made a profound stir in the world. The Kaiser read it and was at once fired with zeal to increase the potency of his Empire on the sea. In England it was greeted with hearty praise from all advocates of continuous naval construction. Mahan was winned and dined in England as few Americans had ever been before. Oxford and Cambridge conferred degrees upon him. Queen Victoria invited him to her table. He met the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. In fact he was, as our biographer tells us, the lion of the London season. Quite rightly, therefore, Mr. Taylor regards Mahan as among the greatest assets of the British naval empire. He also considers it no less significant that Admiral Sims "was born under the British flag, and that his mother was British; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Snowden, the Admiral's grandfather and grandmother, both being English." If we had the Sims correspondence as we now have the Thayer correspondence, edited by a British admirer, we should doubtless know a great deal more than we now do about the inner history of the present creed that accepts for America the supremacy of the British navy.

Laying all that on one side, let us consider for a moment the meaning of this thesis. The naval arm in an age of world-commerce is the supreme arm. Whoever wields it can dictate, even though it may be wisely and beneficently. America accepts British naval supremacy. America has wide-reaching commercial and territorial interests. If a clash arises with Great Britain, the power of ultimate decision rests with the possessor of the potent arm, the superior navy. Thus, in fact, sovereignty in the world-arena has passed to Great Britain. This is the cold, hard truth. Any final accommodation with England that leaves her supreme on the sea accepts her sovereignty in a sphere of vital concern to America. To that extent America is, in effect, a province of the British Empire. The only offset for the United States is the possible conquest of Canada.

If this is what we are to have; if this is what our fighting men on the sea are to be taught by American admirals, if this is to be our accepted policy, it is time that we should face it frankly and enter upon the compact with a full understanding of its implications. Moreover, if we hope for the continued freedom and integrity of this nation, we must firmly and honestly believe that Great Britain will not do to us what she has done to Spain, Holland, France, and Germany in their aspirations for world-trade and dominion. We must assume that under no circumstances would England attempt to draw around our country the circle of diplomacy and steel which she drew around the German Empire. We must

read the history of the last thirty years of European diplomacy now streaming from the presses, and yet say that England would never treat her American rival as she has treated her former rivals.

By all means let us lift the veil boldly and face the light without flinching. Admiral Mahan may be right. The course he lays down for us may be the true course. But let us walk in it with our eyes open, and frankly accept our provincial status as the greater blessing. Certainly it would be well to have the fever over so that we may quit tossing violently on this bed of uncertainty, hovering between war and peace, armament and disarmament. Nothing is so good for a strong man as decision even though the medicine he chooses proves to be bitter.

Mr. Taylor has helped us to clear our minds by presenting this excellent biography. The letters published are genuine historic documents and the style befits the subject. He makes Mahan an attractive figure to the public interested in him. The versatility of the Admiral is revealed in all its fullness. He could stop amid his profound historical researches to make a trenchant criticism of Mr. Churchill's novel, "The Inside of the Cup," or to refute Dr. Eliot's Unitarian arguments. He was a faithful member of the Protestant Episcopal Church, regular in his attendance on divine worship, deeply interested in its missionary enterprises, a contributor to the spread of the gospel in heathen lands. He was a Roman of the old type, sincere, devout, reserved, a good husband, a strict but affectionate father, and conservative in politics. Woman suffrage, Irish Home Rule, and the decline of the British House of Lords in power were all alike painful for him to contemplate. Though a profound student always near the midnight lamp, he was no academician. As a delegate at the Hague peace conferences, he refused to approve the prohibition of gases in warfare, and kept our country from going on record against this now accepted instrument of destruction. Admiral Mahan, besides being a seer, was therefore a practical man of war. His Christianity was of the robust, red-blooded type. Thanks to the labours of an English gentleman, the distinguished sea captain stands before us in full length, revealed as an heroic figure in the devoted band working for the Anglo-American *entente*—that band which includes Mr. J. M. Beck, Admiral Sims, and Bishop Manning.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

### MR. NEVINSON'S IRONY.

IN his preface to his latest volume of short stories. "Original Sinners," Mr. H. W. Nevins is disappointing because of his gratuitously faulty theology. Original sin is *not*, we should say, the "contrary" of the Fall but its direct consequence, and the whole discussion is simply a very obvious and unnecessary (and unsuccessful) attempt to give apparent unity and a single title to eight unrelated "tales and scenes . . . written at various times . . . without any order, and certainly without any doctrinal intention." The key-note of the collection is disillusion and would be accurately expressed by that restrained but searching title preempted by a greater man than Mr. Nevins, "Life's Little Ironies." Moreover, it is a pity that Mr. Nevins should have chosen the trick-tale which he simply "lifted" from O. Henry, "The Act of Fear," as the one in which to air his superiority to Americans and their habits of speech. Each of his gibes can easily be retorted in kind against some infelicity peculiar to England; and meanwhile one is fully conscious all the time that the crisply effective technique of this particular type of short story is wholly and unmistakably American.

It is true that a first hasty reading of this volume gives one merely an impression of a number of interesting and varied "tales and scenes" very well set forth, and one might thereupon lay the book aside as just another collection of vivid short stories, above the average in point

<sup>1</sup> "Original Sinners." H. W. Nevins. New York: B. W. Huebsch, Inc.



of execution; but if one turns back and reconsiders, one begins to suspect double meaning and deeper satire and ulterior motive until one becomes delightfully stimulated intellectually and quite uncertain as to just where the author expects one to stop. In two or three of the stories, perhaps, he seems to draw the moral explicitly in his closing paragraph and brilliantly winds things up with an audible crack of the whip; but in the rest, he seems to lead us deftly into a trap which the unwary will contentedly accept as a fitting *dénouement*, while the discerning will feel impelled to venture a step or two further and speculatively supply for themselves some crowning true conclusion. For instance, in "Pongo's Illusion" the ape that aspires to become man would be disillusioned indeed if it could see its idol's sodden brutality as revealed to us by Mr. Nevinson in this tale of strangely fascinating horror; and then, at the end, comes a sudden turn that seems to provide an all-sufficient conclusion when the idol actually suggests improving its own exalted race by cross-breeding with the humble simian idolater! But is this all, one wonders, or does Mr. Nevinson expect us to proceed from these premises and work out proportionally the value of the last term in the damning ratio, ape: man:: man: God?

Again, "In Diocletian's Day" is a beautiful evocation of Imperial Rome to show how precisely history repeats itself, even to the ironically minute equation between early Christian martyrs and modern pacifists; and here, too, a commendable conclusion is supplied in the contrast between Diocletian's boasted extirpation of Christianity and the last words of the story (and of the book); the words now carved over the gate of what was once Diocletian's palace, "*Jesus Christus Deus Homo vivit regnat imperat.*" This seems enough, at first sight; and yet again one can not avoid wondering whether this is indeed all that was intended by this Delphic writer. Diocletian also lived, reigned, ruled, and was worshipped as God, and abdicated because he could not preserve his empire from the barbarian powers of evil. Does Mr. Nevinson delicately hint a parallel? Could he really expect us to think back over this story and this book (and this world) of human sinfulness, folly, and callous irreligion, without challenging that sedately orthodox dogma? Or does he not perchance by design leave with us the question, "Jesus Christ, God-Man, lives reigns rules"—where?

At all events, "Original Sinners" is manifestly a book for the few as well as for the many. If not absolutely as superlative as some of the critics say it is, it is relatively far superior to any collection that has appeared in many a long day and can be warmly recommended to all lovers of choice short stories.

LAWRENCE MASON.

### THE EARTH IS THE LANDLORDS'.

THAT there is a very intimate relation between commercial exploiting interests and the political State is not a matter of news to radically-minded thinkers either at home or abroad; yet it is seldom that we discover the fact of that connexion restated in scientific and authoritative fashion, by a number of former government-officials.

A volume of studies by various specialists, which was recently published under the title of "Political and Commercial Geology,"<sup>1</sup> reminds one of the fact that radicalism, i.e., thinking in terms of fundamentals, may be found, perhaps to an even greater extent than is generally supposed, among a class of men of whom we hear but little in this connexion, namely, the scientists and technical engineers. Trained from the beginning and forced by the nature of their occupation to search for the hidden causes of apparently inexplicable effects, they have acquired the habit of going to the root of all problems with which they are confronted, regardless of private or public prejudice or tradition. Thus, it may be

said that the fundamental fact that man is a land-animal obtaining his sustenance from the natural resources of the earth and is dependent upon them for his very existence is known and understood by but two classes of people: the students of Henry George, and those who possess a trained scientific habit of mind.

In attempting "to shed light upon the vast importance of commercial control of raw materials by different powers, or by the citizens of those powers, through invested capital," Mr. Spurr (the editor of the volume) and his associates approach the problem from a truly radical point of view. As early as in the preface, attention is called to the fact that the problem of Alsace-Lorraine was not and is not a sentimental question, but is a long struggle for the greatest iron-deposits in Europe and the second largest in the world, the possession of which was the source of Germany's immense growth and power, a source of power which has now been transferred to France; furthermore, the present dispute between Poland and Germany concerning the control of Upper Silesia is not a question of nationality, sentiment, or even of territorial rights, but concerns the possession of the greatest coal-field in Europe as well as great deposits of lead and zinc. If Poland secures possession of these minerals, she may rival Germany in wealth and importance; if Germany loses, she may drop into the position of a second-rate Power. As one reads these scientific papers, one realizes that in discussing these and similar questions it would be an aid to clear thinking if in place of Silesia we were to say coal-mines, in place of Alsace-Lorraine, iron-deposits, and so on.

It is interesting to note that this essentially radical book will probably receive no censure from the American Legion or the National Security League, and little if any praise from radical and liberal organs. Published by a conservative house, its circulation will be mainly among business men and bankers, managers and superintendents, geologists and engineers. Its appeal is not to the outcast and unloved portions of society but to the respectable and successful classes. It would be difficult to find a more curious anomaly: a radical book containing important facts for those who would reconstruct the world, circulated and read by those who are mainly interested in maintaining things as they are.

This volume forms what is practically the first contribution to the special branch of investigation which it covers: the relation of the distribution and ownership of the world's mineral supplies to industry, commerce, and political economy. For the purpose of the study the chief minerals are divided into a number of natural groups, and each is considered by itself after subdivision into its component parts. From this it appears that the territorial and commercial control of the basic minerals is divided mainly between the United States and the British Empire. In the petroleum-industry, for instance, the United States largely predominates, controlling seventy-one per cent of the world's production in 1917, while in the important key industry of tin, the territorial control of Great Britain is one-half, and the commercial control absolute. Besides these, there remain only a few minerals whose control is not in the hands of either of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations. Among these are potash, formerly a German monopoly but now divided between Germany and France, and mineral nitrates, in Chilean territory, which are still controlled mostly by Chileans.

Mr. Spurr in his introduction to this volume shows the importance to the political State of the commercial control of minerals and the effect of that control on the diplomatic relations between the different nations; how foolish, for example, is the Monroe Doctrine in seeking political isolation for the United States without accompanying it by economic penetration of our South American neighbours. At this point he stops; all that he recommends is a closer alliance between this country and Great Britain and a careful watching of Japan. But, after all, these scientific studies were not intended to

<sup>1</sup> "Political and Commercial Geology." A series of studies by specialists. J. E. Spurr. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co.



develop conclusions; they aim merely to present the facts.

The royalties from the sale of this book, so the reader is informed, will be assigned to an institution of learning in order to finance further studies along the same lines. Perhaps the facts yet to be developed will present another phase of the same subject, and the term "political domination" will be replaced by the term "economic domination." For, indeed, what the people of France are suffering from is not that petroleum is owned by American interests, or tin by British interests, but that these necessities of life are owned by *interests*, entirely regardless of nationality. The industries of all nations alike are hampered by the monopoly-control of natural resources, and it is a matter of little moment, except in times of war, whether the monopoly is in the hands of one nationality or another.

The studies contained in this volume reveal to what extent the mineral resources of the earth are monopolized, and of what nationality their main beneficiaries are. It is, however, of even greater importance to have these investigations carried still further, preferably by trained scientists and engineers, in order to determine not only the extent of the monopolies, but also their blighting effects and how best they can be destroyed.

HYMAN LEVINE.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

"I do not like seriousness. I think it is irreligious," says Mr. Chesterton, in the opening lines of his latest volume of essays, "The Uses of Diversity"; and throughout the pages that follow he seems to take special precautions not to be irreligious. For the most part, he succeeds excellently; for most of these essays are light, effervescent things, sparkling and delightful, but in no way to be accused of the sin of seriousness. They are permeated with rays of the typical Chestertonian humour; here and there are passages of satire that would bring a smile to the faces of the most obtuse; and, of course, paradoxes are to be found in abundance. By way of "diversity," the author at times even departs from his comic vein, and makes a momentary excursion into seriousness; but it is rarely the kind of seriousness that one takes seriously, since one always imagines behind it the grinning face of the author. "The Uses of Diversity" is not a book that one would read for its profundity of thought; it is not meant to be more than superficial; it aims merely to give a few original opinions and prejudices regarding externals. If the prejudices are strikingly apparent they are presented so delightfully that one is ready to forgive them, and they do not in the least interfere with the entertaining qualities of the book. Whether one turns to "Lamp-Posts," or "The Japanese," or "Tennyson," or "The Futurists," one knows one will find some novel view interestingly presented; and what more can one expect of essays which do not strive for the philosophical or the profound? S. A. C.

MR. WILLIAM MCFEE is a hero. He belongs to that "race of beings, half-man, half-god, who correspond, in all broad characteristics, to those rather indecent heroes of early imaginative literature." He is, he reiterates, of those "who go down to the sea in ships, and have their business in great waters"; and benignly does he endure the company of other heroes, his fellow-engineers of the mercantile marine. He may feel hurt when one of them prefers "My Lady's Sin" to his Aristophanes, but he is at pains to explain this comrade's lack of culture. Another possesses no reverence for women, but he is "a likeable lad"; and although the mere seamen are, oh, so "unspeakably vulgar," Mr. McFee does not let them know it; nor does he blind himself to their solid qualities. It is in another direction that Mr. McFee gives the full measure of the blissful, unconscious courage that has been handed down to him from the fabulous warriors of old. Having made a name with "Captain Macedoine's Daughter," a novel which called forth certain comparisons with the work of Mr. Joseph Conrad, Mr. McFee drags out of oblivion his first published effort, entitled "An Ocean Tramp,"<sup>2</sup> decks it out with a new preface telling how he failed to sell it and how public-houses are better hot-houses for the flowering of genius than women's boudoirs, and boldly invites a fresh chorus of

admiration. In it he is aware, he says, that he is writing "as well as he is able." It appears, however, that the conning of Walter Pater, the thumbing of Boswell (laid down with a tap of affectionate condescension), and an ability to attribute a saying to Boileau, do not necessarily prevent one from saying, for instance, "on a steamship," or from framing the word "below" in apologetic quotation marks, or from resorting, quite gratuitously, to the use of half-understood French engineering terms. Mr. McFee declares that he knows Emerson's essays almost by heart, but in this volume he calls to mind Gissing, the Gissing who betrayed in his writing that angularity, that disingenuous frankness, that kept him apart from other men and estranged from his women. Mr. McFee lacks the boldness that evokes good fellowship. Mr. Upton Sinclair roused the anger of the press long ago by putting forth a book of which the author was supposed to have committed suicide. Mr. McFee is quite brazen about having had recourse to a similar device. Yet if he had recalled how Sterne fails in his "Sentimental Journey" to arouse pity for the phantom canary that was to die, he might have hesitated over his conclusion. When Mr. McFee describes the seas becoming more mountainous, the wind more violent, he does not fill the reader with a sense of the impending tragedy any more than stage-thunder would. It is from within that a man is stricken with the terror of his coming doom. Mr. McFee's courage is the more regrettable because so many things that are buried in the pages of "An Ocean Tramp" share the distinction of "Captain Macedoine's Daughter." What he says of music or of the value of character, for example, must find an echo in many unheroic minds, and his telling of the donkeyman's end in the crank pit on Christmas Day in the tropics is truly admirable. M. B.

#### A REVIEWER'S NOTEBOOK.

THE morning mail brings an appeal for Ukrainian Relief and sets me thinking of an evening, five years ago last October, when I discovered that a poet can actually be the central fact in the life of a whole people. It was at the Ukrainian congress in Cooper Union; and the poet, who had been dead for half a century, was Taras Shevchenko. His portrait occupied the centre of the stage: framed in rough oak and garlanded with autumn leaves, it represented the head of a man of middle age, set in a voluminous collar and high dome-like toque of black Astrakhan fur, a man with full and rather heavy cheeks and chin, with long, pendant, fin-like moustaches encircling the mouth and almost meeting on the chest, with a broad nose and sad, penetrating eyes. To this portrait every one of the speakers referred: they used it as a sort of talisman, and it was evident that, whatever happened to be the subject of their discourse, politics, economics, history, education, they could always, by pronouncing the name Shevchenko, count upon regaining afresh the interest and approval of their listeners. Later I informed myself about the poet (some of whose work has been charmingly translated by Mrs. Voynich, the author of "The Gadfly"), and I found that the Ukrainian movement had indeed sprung out of this one man's life and influence. Never was there a more exact confirmation of Shelley's belief that poets are the unacknowledged legislators of the world.

SHEVCHENKO was a serf, born in 1814, near the river Dnieper. While quite young he was set to work as a cook's boy in the village school where he was also obliged to take charge of the Saturday floggings. He ran away, hoping to be able to make his living as an itinerant painter of icons; then, obliged to return home, he was turned over to his owner's son as a valet. This new master took him along on his journeys about Russia and Poland, and at last, seeing that no amount of brutal treatment could prevent Shevchenko from stealing pencils and paper for his drawing, conceived the idea of exploiting the boy's talent for his own benefit. It was the custom for proprietors to permit their serfs to carry on trades in the towns and in this way earn revenue for them: in the principal cities of Russia there were merchants, singers, actors, musicians who were still serfs and who, belonging body and soul to their masters, raised large incomes for them by the exercise of their gifts. Thus in 1832 Captain Engelhardt took

<sup>1</sup>"The Uses of Diversity." G. K. Chesterton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

<sup>2</sup>"An Ocean Tramp." William McFee. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.



Shevchenko to St. Petersburg and apprenticed him to a painter and decorator. In six years the young artist won his freedom. The director of the Academy, Brivlov, taking a fancy to him because his face was "not the face of a serf," raised enough money to satisfy his master by raffling a portrait which he had himself painted.

PAINTING, however, soon gave place in Shevchenko's mind to poetry. In 1840 the first collection of his verses appeared; a second volume was issued in 1842. In a little prose work called "The Artist" he tells how one moonlight night in the Summer Garden, where long before in silence and a stolen freedom his other gift had first really come to him, the Ukrainian Muse whispered in his ear. She had been shy, he says, of the sophistication and the false taste that had clung to him from the ribald songs he had been compelled to sing to his master and the marks that his life in hotels and antechambers had left upon him; and he adds that it was the breath of liberty that restored to him the purity of his childhood and made him a poet. He had already become, through his painting, and like Burns in Edinburgh under somewhat similar conditions, a fashionable curiosity; and again, as Burns had attempted to write in classical English, so he had attempted to write in Russian. His Ukrainian poems, however, instantly created a profound impression. In the history of every literature there is a moment when the speech of the people, stamped by some superior genius, is suddenly lifted above itself and becomes a member of the family of literary languages. This was what had now happened with the Ukrainian tongue, which was commonly regarded as a rude and corrupt peasant jargon: it had found its Dante. Not until 1905 did the Imperial Russian Academy of Sciences proclaim the full and independent status of modern Ukrainian among the various Slavonic tongues. Shevchenko had given it this position sixty years before. It was not long, moreover, before he discovered that in reclaiming the language he had reclaimed the self-respect of all those who spoke it.

"To make a valet out of Cossack," Shevchenko wrote in a brief sketch of his life, "is to tame the Lapland reindeer." What he had done in his poems had been to revive, in the first place, in the minds of his countrymen, a sense of the great life their forefathers had known in the days before they lost their freedom. On these very steppes had lived the Cossacks of old whose descendants, sodden in their poverty, scarcely lifted their eyes between birth and death. Shevchenko described their exploits; he described his own life and how he had "squeezed the slave out of himself"; he sang of the miseries of the present and the possibilities of the future; he scourged the oppressors of the people for their injustice and their brutality and the oppressed for their self-abandonment and their sloth. Furthermore, he universalized the peculiar situation, the characteristic problems of the Ukrainian peasants, by showing how they had recurred among other nationalities and at other periods; he admonished his people, in opening their minds to the experience of humanity in general, not to surrender their own experience; he reinterpreted the history of culture in terms of their own lives, so that his work was literally a "popular university." By thus invoking the past he had filled the present with an intolerable dissatisfaction, while at the same time creating values for the social and spiritual life of the individual; and the heaven instantly began to work. The close, dim horizon of the Ukrainian peasant expanded little by little; no longer could his round of days remain in its few circumscribed acts and sensations only a degree above that of the brutes; life began to present itself to him as a fresh and stirring adventure; the free man awakened once more in the serf. In a single poet, and to speak quite literally, a whole people had been born again.

For it was now, during the brief period, 1843-1847, of Shevchenko's residence at Kiev, that the other agencies of an enlightened popular existence in Ukraina began to ap-

pear. The historian Kostomarov, inspired on behalf of a people whose former life was the augury of an equally great future, began to recount in a series of monographs the most stirring episodes of Ukrainian history during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries: he thus created for his people a genuine past, a human setting, as even our historians might do if they were willing to forget the statistics of American railroading and the sawdust heroes of the public schools and present our Tom Paines as something else than "dirty little atheists." A number of intellectual leaders in various fields formed a society to bring about the emancipation of the serfs, to educate them, to reform the agricultural system and to achieve religious liberty. Just then Shevchenko was arrested and condemned to imprisonment in Siberia. He had been on the point of going to Italy, having been presented with a sum of several thousand roubles to enable him to continue his art studies there; and it is probable that if he had done this he would have entered the sphere of Mazzini and the other leaders of European liberalism and would thus have given the Ukrainian political movement two generations ago the international importance it has scarcely yet attained. On the other hand, nothing he might have accomplished in Europe could have signified half so much in the spiritual life of his people as the legend of his years in Siberia.

SHEVCHENKO had been charged with "composing in the abominable character"; it was observed in the indictment that his reputation rendered his verses "doubly harmful and dangerous," and on the order for his deportation the Tsar wrote with his own hand: "Must not be allowed to read or write." At the first fortress to which he was sent he was treated with leniency; his commanders permitted him to correspond with his friends, to possess drawing materials and even to spend a part of his time away from the prison. In 1850, however, one of the officers informed against him, his cell was searched and it was discovered that he had in his possession a Bible, copies of Shakespeare and Pushkin, a paint-box and portfolios; thereupon he was transferred to the more remote fortress of Novopetrovsk, with the strict injunction that under no circumstances was he to be permitted the use of pencils, pens, ink or paper. Here, in these "desert wastes of alien snow," he contrived to write a few verses, some pathetic, some filled with his undying rage on behalf of the lost motherland—

That was beguiled  
Into a death-trap with a lie,  
Trampled and ruined and defiled.

Then he wrote no more. At last, after ten years, he was released, but he was devoured by scurvy and a hopeless drunkard, with brain dimmed and confused, and he was no longer able to create anything. Forbidden to settle in Ukraina, he returned to St. Petersburg, where he continued to live for a few miserable years as a ward of the Tolstoy family. Turgenev, remembering him, wrote afterward: "We literary men received him with friendly sympathy. But he was cautious and would scarcely ever open out to anyone; he had a trick of slipping past sideways. One seldom saw anything poetical in him; he seemed rough and hardened. The expression of his eyes was mostly sullen and suspicious, but now and then came a delightful smile." . . . Thus died Shevchenko, as Burns had died; but in every other than a political sense he had justified the tribute of the Polish writer who said, concerning him: "When the people give birth to a great poet, the time of their liberation is at hand."

THE Reviewer recommends the following recent books to the notice of readers of the *Freeman*:

"The Horse-Stealers and Other Stories," by Anton Chekhov. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"The Analysis of Mind," by Bertrand Russell. New York: The Macmillan Company.

"Second April," by Edna St. Vincent Millay. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.



*This item  
is reprinted from the  
Daily  
Reflector-Herald  
of Norwalk, O.*

**Radical Pamphlet Causes  
Loyalists To Be Incensed**

A NUMBER of Norwalk citizens are much incensed over the fact that they have received pamphlets containing excerpts of the new radical publication, "The Freeman."

The magazine, without mincing words, comes right out with the declaration that it is a radical paper. It carries the usual tirade against "Property," raps Great Britain and has words of comfort for Germany and Soviet Russia.

Those who received the pamphlets also were recipients of a letter in which it was stated that a well-known Norwalk citizen had recommended their names as possible subscribers.

The name of the Norwalk man who is boosting "The Freeman" at the expense of his friends and acquaintances is mentioned in the letters.

*We put a  
gnat under  
the micro-  
scope.*

PERHAPS only a handful of people outside of Norwalk, Ohio, have ever heard of the *Daily Reflector-Herald* which is published in that town, but we now introduce it to the readers of this paper scattered among the forty-eight states of the Union and twenty-six foreign countries.

*Some facts  
of history.*

Since the subsidence of war hysteria many well-meaning citizens have been overtaken by a complacency that causes them to question the need of a radical press. The tone of the *Daily Reflector-Herald* in the news item which we reprint shows that not only the reactionary press in large cities needs to be counterbalanced, but that there are newspapers in small towns equally ignorant.

*Some reflect-  
ions for the  
Reflector.*

This town of Norwalk, Ohio, was settled by pioneers from the historic town of Norwalk, Connecticut, which is so rich in legends of the Revolution. A Colonial Nero, by the way, one Governor Tryon, is said to have sat on a nearby hill watching the flames as the British, under his orders, burned the village. (You may see the chair in which he sat if you wish.) It was from Norwalk, Connecticut, that Nathan Hale, disguised as a Dutch school-teacher, proceeded to his tragic end.

*A hint to  
our readers.*

This we print for the benefit of the Norwalk, Ohio, *Daily Reflector-Herald*, which probably is not aware of its revolutionary heritage. We surmise that the editor is more amenable to the influence of modern industrialism than to the revolutionary spirit out of which his town was born.

*And  
another.*

We suggest to our benevolent readers that when they have finished reading the FREEMAN, if they do not preserve copies in a file, they send the paper to editors of their acquaintance. Only a few days ago the United States Commissioner of Education deplored the shocking illiteracy among Americans, as disclosed in army statistics. The situation is not tragic, for most people can learn to read and write with ease. The real tragedy lies in the misuse, deliberate or unconscious, of the powers which reading and writing feed. Bring the FREEMAN to the attention of some of the misleaders of public opinion; give your paper to an editor. He may not like it, but it will benefit him.

Also, we suggest subscribing for your public library, especially if it is in a small town. Many libraries can not afford to add six dollars per annum to their expenses and they will be duly grateful for a gift that appears fifty-two times in a year.

A FORTNIGHT ago we offered Gilbert Cannan's "Windmills" with a ten weeks' subscription for \$1.75. The response was lively, and we repeat the offer for the benefit of those who did not then take advantage of it.

THE FREEMAN, INC., B. W. Huebsch, *President*,  
116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y.

Please enter the following subscription to the FREEMAN:

Name .....  
Address .....  
Period .....  
Signed .....

On a separate sheet I send names of persons to  
whom forward a sample of the FREEMAN.

Price of the FREEMAN: In the United States, postpaid, 52 issues, \$6.00; 26 issues, \$3.00; 10 issues, \$1.00. In Canada, 52 issues, \$6.50; 26 issues, \$3.25; 10 issues, \$1.00. In other foreign countries, 52 issues, \$7.00; 26 issues, \$3.50; 10 issues, \$1.00.

F. 8. 10. 21.